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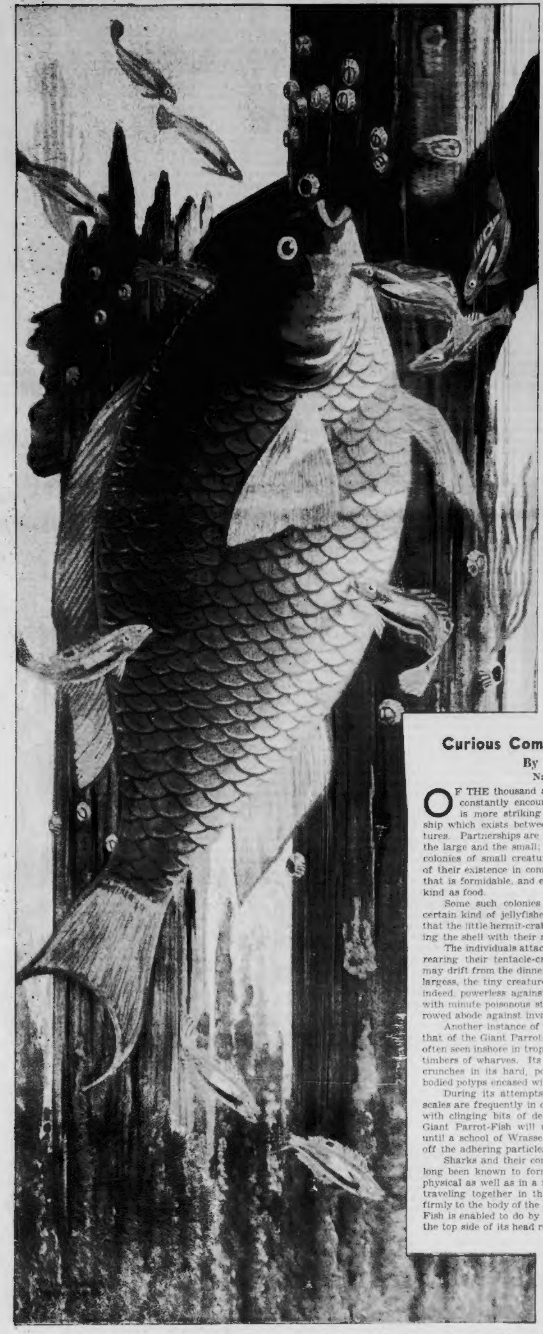
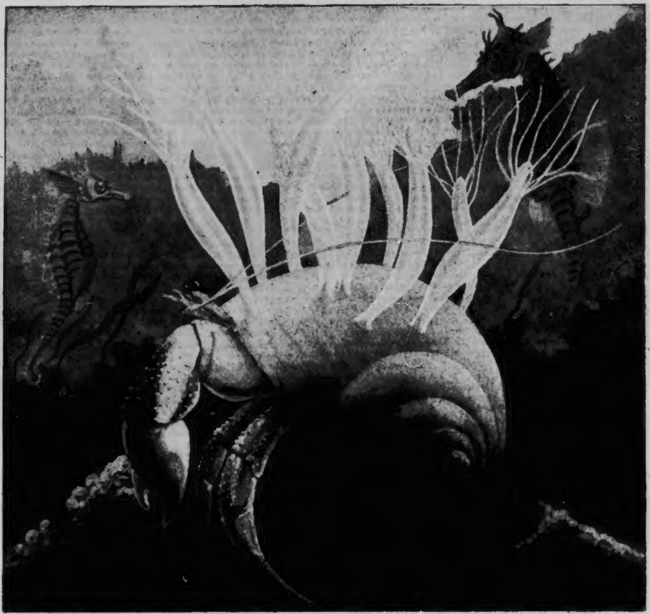
Sunday, Jan. 3, 1937

Strange Creatures Of The Sea



School of Wrasse Cleaning the Scales of the Giant Parrot-Fish Upended in Water. After Browsing on Coral, the Giant Parrot-Fish Waits for Its Smaller Companions to Remove Left-over Food.



Close-up of the Little Hermit-Crab and Its Snail-Shell House Top Occupied by Protective Flower-like Animals, With Long, Spindle-like, Semi-transparent Bodies, and Provided With Stinging Tentacles.

Curious Companionships in Undersea Life

By WILLIAM CROWDER,

Naturalist and Marine Artist.

OF THE thousand and one curious things that the marine naturalist constantly encounters in his study of undersea life, none perhaps is more striking to his imagination than the strange companionship which exists between certain, and often very diverse, types of creatures. Partnerships are formed between the weak and the strong, between the large and the small; and sometimes associations occur in which whole colonies of small creatures, relatively defenseless, spend the greater part of their existence in company with a single large but dissimilar individual that is formidable, and even voracious enough to devour strangers of their kind as food.

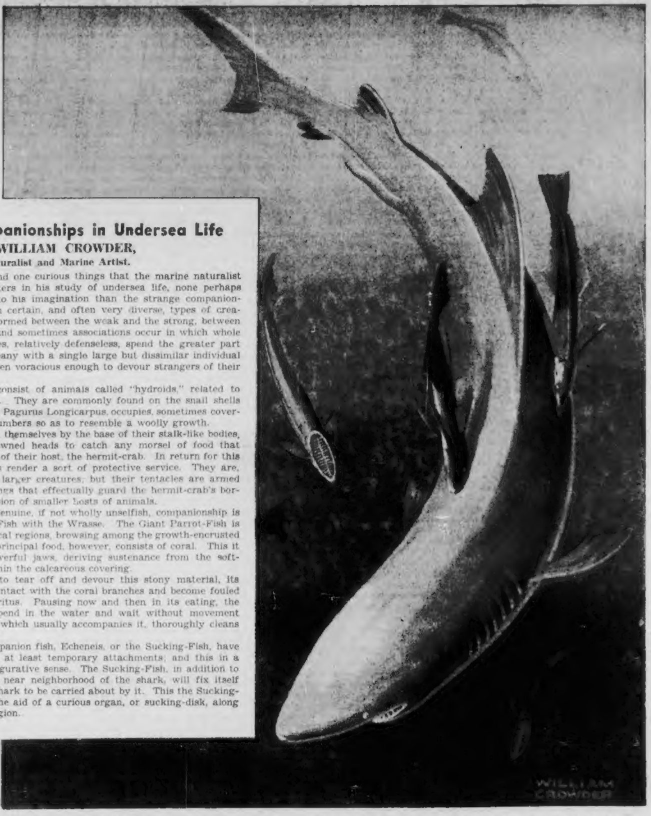
Some such colonies consist of animals called "hydroids," related to certain kind of jellyfishes. They are commonly found on the snail shells that the little hermit-crab, Pagurus Longicarpus, occupies, sometimes covering the shell with their numbers so as to resemble a woolly growth.

The individuals attach themselves by the base of their stalk-like bodies, rearing their tentacle-crowned heads to catch any morsel of food that may drift from the dinner of their host, the hermit-crab. In return for this largess, the tiny creatures render a sort of protective service. They are, indeed, powerless against larger creatures; but their tentacles are armed with minute poisonous stings that effectually guard the hermit-crab's borrowed abode against invasion of smaller hosts of animals.

Another instance of genuine, if not wholly unselfish, companionship is that of the Giant Parrot-Fish with the Wrasse. The Giant Parrot-Fish is often seen inshore in tropical regions, browsing among the growth-encrusted timbers of wharves. Its principal food, however, consists of coral. This it crunches in its hard, powerful jaws, deriving sustenance from the soft-bodied polyps encased within the calcareous covering.

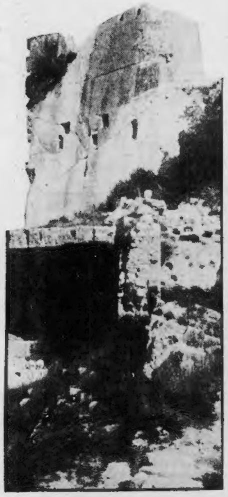
During its attempts to tear off and devour this stony material, its scales are frequently in contact with the coral branches and become fouled with clinging bits of detritus. Pausing now and then in its eating, the Giant Parrot-Fish will upend in the water and wait without movement until a school of Wrasse, which usually accompanies it, thoroughly cleans off the adhering particles.

Sharks and their companion fish, Echeneis, or the Sucking-Fish, have long been known to form at least temporary attachments; and this in a physical as well as in a figurative sense. The Sucking-Fish, in addition to traveling together in the near neighborhood of the shark, will fix itself firmly to the body of the shark to be carried about by it. This the Sucking-Fish is enabled to do by the aid of a curious organ, or sucking-disk, along the top side of its head region.

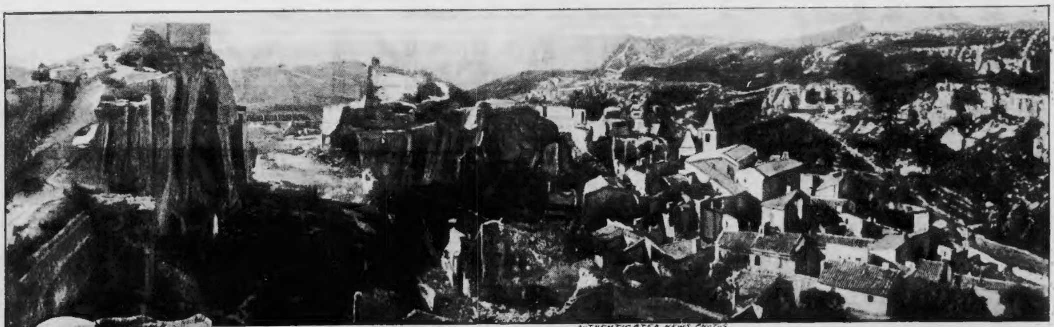


Sucker-Fishes Acting as Traveling Companions of the Sand-Shark. These Small Fishes Are Furnished With Sucker-Disks on the Head, Whereby They Are Enabled to Affix Themselves to the Shark and Ride at Will.

What's Left Of The City That Reminded Dante Of Hell



Foundation of the Old Chateau of the Sirs of Baux, Where Only Weeds Now Grow. It Was Formerly the Gathering Place of Knights and Barons.



Panorama of the Ruins of Les Baux, Now in Desolation, and Inhabited Only by a Handful of Peasant Folk. Hell Valley, the Approach to the Deserted City Is Claimed by Historians to Have Inspired Dante's Description of Hell in His "Inferno."

The Present-Day Dwelling of a Peasant Family, Actually Reverted to Cave Dwelling. The Hovel Was Built Out of Ruins More Than Seven Centuries Old.

Right—A Few of the Inhabitants Patronizing the Food Vendor On One of His Visits.

IN many ways the strangest community on the European continent is the ancient and all but deserted town of Les Baux. Back six or seven centuries ago Les Baux, in the heart of the French district of Provence, was a thriving feudal stronghold boasting some 4,000 inhabitants. As time went on it became a prize of war, fell into decay and gradually lost its medieval glory and importance. For many years Les Baux has been a grim sort of graveyard of more swashbuckling and romantic days, a ramshackle and musty abode for a handful of peasants and a stopping off place for tourists who take an interest in such relics of the past.

The approach to the city is through a cluttered, rock-strewn depression known as the Val d'Enfer—Hell Valley in the King's English—and it is said that Dante, standing on a hilltop and scanning this vale, described the place, more or less accurately, in the classical picture of the nether world which he gave the world in that part of his "Divine Comedy" called the "Inferno."

Tourists who visit Les Baux and look down into Hell Valley do not find it difficult to imagine that they, too, are temporarily in the domain of the devil.

Back in the Eighth Century the city of Les Baux was dominated by a fort-like castle, the weather-beaten ruins of which can still be seen. If history tells the story straight, it was to this stronghold that the inhabitants of the place fled when the invading Saracens swept down on the place and, unsuccessfully, tried to capture it.

By the 12th Century the overlords of Les Baux were an arrogant and powerful clan who ruled all of the country now listed in the geography books as Provence. They gave themselves high-sounding titles, such as Prince of Orange, Count of Provence, King of Arles and Vienne. One boss of the place even had the egotism to label himself Emperor of Constantinople.

Round about the castle lesser nobles built dwellings and the serfs dug themselves cave-like hovels out of the rocks. It is in what is left of these medieval homes that the handful of peasants—about 75 in number—now live, doing a little farming and picking up tips from the tourists who ride in through Hell Valley to see where the cocky Lords of Baux made their headquarters a long time ago.

There are, in France, old documents that mention a Court of Love which seems to have been the gathering place for the nobles of Les Baux. These records hint that the court was a medieval "hot spot" where the lords, when they weren't about the serious business of making war or defending the city against invaders, let themselves go and had a lot of fun, drinking the best of wine and finding amusement in the antics of the ablest troubadours of the day.

There was villainy in Les Baux, too, if the old stories are correct. It seems that, about the middle of the 13th Century, when the top man in the town was one Varral des Baux, this big shot sold the community to Charles of Anjou. That was the beginning of the end. The lesser nobles and their retainers quit the place. It went on after this, but in 1632 Louis XIII of France demolished the castle and his soldiers went on a rampage and all but razed many of the other dwellings in the once proud and prosperous city.

The few people who live in Les Baux today have appropriated some of the best of the remaining dwellings—most of them hewed out of the living rock—but they do not live well and there is little among the ruins to suggest the glamour of the past. The castle is little more than a pile of crumbling stone but it covers so much ground that the stories woven around it and the Court of Love seem probable.

The lower chambers of the castle were cut from the solid rock and are the most interesting part of the ruins. Some of these rooms seem to have been cells in a dungeon.

Stork's Ample Gift to Mother Airedale

Fourteen—Count 'Em—the Extraordinary Family of the Mother Airedale of the Tourist Camp, Near Miami, Which Family the Stork Delivered All at Once. The Young Woman Is Taking Care of the Pup That Couldn't Find a Place at the Dinner Trough.

WHEN an Airedale, belonging to the owner of a tourist camp in Miami, Florida, surprised him with an extraordinary litter of 14 healthy pups the fellow figured it out that "it was just another example of what can happen in a place famous for warm sunshine and fresh air."

Of course he was only joking—half joking anyway—and made the statement in the hope that it would get in the papers and add a jot to the fame of Florida as a travelers' Paradise.

Most credit, however, went to Mother Nature and to the dog who brought all these youngsters into the world. The visitors to the tourist camp never had seen such a family before and they helped rig up a trough to feed the hungry menage.

In the photograph above a pretty guest of the establishment is giving the Airedale mother a lift with her maternal duties and is holding one wobbly-legged pup that couldn't find a place at the "table." The young woman saw to it that he got his share of warm bread and milk in which was mixed some rice and eggs to put a shine on the coats of the newcomers.

Mama Airedale did the best she could to feed her brood in the natural way but the problem was too much for her and she seemed grateful for help, especially at feeding time.

Larger litters have been born to dogs in this country, but it is seldom that an Airedale gives birth to 14 pups. Among breeders families of eight or ten are considered normal.

The mother is a pure-bred member of her kind and so is the father—which makes the unusual family a valuable asset to the owner of the pups. Even before any of them was sold they turned out to be good business for they attracted dozens of tourists to the Florida camp.

Where a Real Santa Claus Lived

FOR the past several years the youngsters of Carlton, Australia—a suburb of Melbourne—have wondered what was wrong with an old man who was known there as Santa Claus. About five years back this man, a kindly old fellow who lived in a musty house in Cardigan Street, made the statement that, some Christmas, he was going to have a present for every boy and girl in the community. His neighbors looked upon him as a strange character, harmless but a bit eccentric. Unlike the youngsters, they didn't believe that the man had any intention of trying to compete with that kindly Santa Claus who is reported to live somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole. They thought he was just making loose talk. And, as time went on, the boys and girls agreed with their folks.

The other day, however, the old man died and when the police went into his ramshackle home to supervise the removal of his body they made a strange discovery—every room in the place was piled from floor to ceiling with toys. Apparently the recluse had attempted to make good his promise but hadn't been able to acquire enough playthings to do a complete job of it.

Every room in the little two-story dwelling was packed with toys—dolls, drums, trumpets, miniature automobiles and boats, rubber balls of many sizes and colors. These things were piled in heaps on the floor and stored away on rows of shelves the old man had put up around the walls. They were even tied to the lighting fixtures and the bannisters of the stairs running to the second floor and to the attic.

The police found it impossible to get into any room without trampling on some of the toys that the bearded occupant evidently was gathering against the day he could distribute them and leave no youngster in town empty-handed.

The only place in the house that was not cluttered with the baubles was a space about three feet square around the battered kitchen stove. In this space the Australian Santa Claus did his cooking and ate his meals.

After the old man's body was removed from the house a policeman was assigned to guard the strange and numerous collection of toys. The city fathers were inclined to give the playthings out to the youngsters for whom they were intended, but the law prevented them from handling the case this way. It was necessary for them to get in touch with the dead man's heirs, if any, and find out what disposition they might want to make of the thousands of toys he had picked up during the last years of his life.

Where the kindly old crackpot got the money to buy the objects which so filled his house that he had no room to walk around is a matter that also is occupying the attention of the police. So far as they could find out he had just about enough money to provide for his simple needs, although he may have had sources of income that no one knew about.

Haven for Hay-Fever Sufferers

THE political powers-that-be in the Province of Quebec are using their heads to make their section of the North American continent an even more popular place than it is with tourists. They have launched a campaign to clear the province of ragweed, which scientists have found to be one of the major causes of hay fever, and to make this fact known to the five million sufferers from the malady who live between the Mexican border and the northern limits of Canada.

Right now the Gaspe Peninsula, a popular place with tourists, is practically free from the pestiferous weed and the agricultural authorities, with the help of farmers, are planning an onslaught on fields wherever ragweed is found.

The anti-hay fever campaign will be financed by the Government and officials believe that the cost of the work will be more than made up by the additional sneezers and snufflers who will come to Quebec for their vacations.

Too Pretty for Beauty Title

MOST young women who display their charms of physique and personality in beauty contests discover that they are not quite good-looking enough to walk away with the cup, the crown, the blue ribbon, or whatever token it is that the judges award to the comeliest competitor. For every winner there are a dozen "also rans."

Such was not the case with the smiling girl shown in the photograph at the right—Miss Antoinette Maybay, aged 19, office worker and citizen of Marlboro, Massachusetts. She learned, to her honor and her delight, that the judges thought her too beautiful for the title originally bestowed upon her, and that these arbiters and her fellow-citizens had larger ideas for her. It was this way: Miss Maybay, among many other pretty young women, sought the title "Miss Marlboro" when her home town staged a centennial celebration. She won the title without much of a struggle.

People for miles around looked upon the modest, good-looking working girl and thought her one of the prettiest young women they had seen in their neighborhood, or anywhere else. Some enthusiastic admirers predicted that if she'd only go into a national contest she'd come home with the crown of Miss America.

Anyway, a lot of people weren't satisfied that Miss Maybay's title took in enough territory, so there was a second coronation ceremony at which she was acclaimed as "Miss Greater Marlboro." With this slight shift in wording the town's beauty queen became the ruler for a day or two, not only of Marlboro, but all of the suburbs round about it.

INTER'L PHOT.

Antoinette Maybay, Chosen as Miss Marlboro, Massachusetts, But Later Designated as Miss Greater Marlboro, Because She Was Too Pretty to be Merely Named as the Town Beauty.

Real Police Work Like A Detective Mystery Novel

Suddenly in the Darkness a Woman Jumped to Her Feet and Shouted "That's them!"

Brilliant Achievement of London's Scotland Yard Men Who Solved a Blind Murder Puzzle Without Any Clue to Guide Them

LONDON, Dec. 28.

NOTHING in detective mystery novels is more entrancing than the real-life achievement recently of London's famous Scotland Yard whose detectives solved a murder mystery where there was no clue whatever. A couple of tenants in a rooming house vanished like leaves in an ill wind just before their landlady was found dead; yet with tireless patience the police spread a dragnet among London's 7,000,000 people, and by using every resource of police science, solved the case sixty-three days after the baffling affair came to light last August 14.

On that afternoon, like blanched eyes gleaming out of the gray London fog, two full milk bottles sweated on the doorstep of Mrs. Ada Fortescue's basement flat at Roseford-gardens, in Shepherd's Bush, a London suburb. Damp from condensing droplets, the bottles seemed like glazed and tearful eyes to which some sinister secret had been imparted by the thick vapor. A neighbor, who was in the habit of visiting the sixty-six-year-old woman once in a while, sensed the unnatural meaning of the unclaimed milk and began to pound on the door, but only echoes answered her. The ominous silence was explained after the police were called and forced their way in. Mrs. Fortescue, landlady of the rooming house, with her arms bound, mouth gagged and eyes bulged in terror, lay dead from suffocation.

Her drab rooms were spotlessly clean, but their very tidiness helped to doom her. From an abundance of dustrags in the rooms, the dirtiest were snatched up by the killers to muffle her cries. She gasped for air through the foul cloth, but not enough came through; only dust entered her throat, and in her mouth the only taste was of dusty death. A delivery boy had come a few minutes later and knocked, but she could not answer; and when the police came, it was much too late.

Who had done it? The motive was plain enough, for the rooms had been ransacked, and a purse lay empty on the floor. But of themselves the thieves left no trace. What few fingerprints were found had no counterpart in Scotland Yard's files, and so no known criminal could be identified and hunted.

Did anyone know the couple? The friendly neighbor who called the police said Mrs. Fortescue had told her they called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Williams. But she could not describe them because she caught a glimpse of "Mr. Williams" only once. They kept to themselves, it seemed, and lived upstairs, in a small furnished room.

At times the police wondered whether the couple existed at all, or were just the invention of a few imaginative neighbors, for nobody could agree about how they looked, or when they came, or what they did. A man who read the gas meter had seen "Mr. Williams" in the hall in his shirt sleeves two days before; a woman next door had given the "wife" the once-over. A beggar thought he saw them come out of the house one morning. But the descriptions did not tally at all.

About all they could agree on was that the "love-birds" had flown. But the first rule of detective science is that everything leaves its mark in passing, even a bird. Sure enough, careful search was rewarded by two faint discoveries. One was a pair of men's trousers with a cleaner's mark inside the waist, found in the room occupied by the Williamses. The laundry was at once visited and the trousers were finally traced to a respectable London resident. He was indignant that his pants should have been found at the scene of a murder, until his wife admitted she gave them away to a needy young man who came to the door looking down-at-the-heel a few weeks before, but she too could not describe him. "He was just an ordinary young man—didn't have any tie on. He looked like a laborer." More she could not offer.

Mrs. Ada Fortescue, Who Was Murdered and Robbed by Lodgers in Her Home in Shepherd's Bush, a London Suburb.

Mary Ann Flynn, One of the Murder Pair, Cleverly Run Down by the Detectives of London's Famous Scotland Yard.

That left only one other thing that might be a clue—a green-stained dress label, naming a dress shop in the neighborhood of King's Street. The woman who ran the shop was questioned by Detective Inspector Rawlings, and was able to remember selling the dress because, as she explained, she kept only one kind of green dress in stock. She had sold one of these to a "pretty young woman, with wild hair" only a week before. Apparently the dress, which was a cheap one, had been worn in the rain, and the tab was stained. But like the dress, the brief hope it held for the police also faded, for the saleswoman had never seen the girl before or since.

Inspector Rawlings paused at the door of the shop. By leaving he would admit that the last thing he hoped would be a clue had failed. What had first seemed probably an easy case now completely baffled him.

But there was nothing more to ask, and as he slowly walked out of the shop a street photographer with one of the new motion picture cameras which are the rage in London stepped up, snapped his picture, and handed him a numbered ticket with the studio's address. Absently, the detective shoved it in his pocket, his mind fixed on that dress-label that had failed him.

As he walked back to headquarters to report the bad news, Inspector Rawlings' mind turned over and over the perplexing aspects of the murder mystery. As he fished in his pocket for a cigarette, his hand found the crumpled ticket the photographer had given him. At that same moment an idea came to him with camera-like swiftness.

Might it not be possible that this young pair of lodgers at Mrs. Fortescue's rooming house had been photographed on the street by some itinerant photographer? It was a million to one shot, but no possibility is too slight for Scotland Yard to explore. He would check up on all the London camera men. He knew that August is one of the few months in London when there is often no fog, and that the busiest work of the street photographers was probably done during this month and young couples are the likeliest buyers of street snapshots.

Inspector Rawlings jumped in a cab and drove to the camera studios and found out that four men had covered that neighborhood for several weeks. He ordered all the films taken by these four men sent to police headquarters—11,000 of them. But how could it be decided whether any of these thousands of pictures were of the two who were wanted? That was a task the police must now tackle and the technical department of Scotland Yard was ordered to patch together the 11,000 strips of film.

The reason that the street photographers used moving picture cameras was not only that any novelty makes a hit with the public, but also that with a foot of pictures, the possible customer would have a number of poses to pick from; for a moving picture is just a series of photographs of a person in slightly different positions.

Having made the pictures into a continuous strip of thousands of feet of film to be run off, just like a movie, the police were ready for their next step, which was to gather a picked audience. All the people of the neighborhood of Mrs. Fortescue's rooming house were rounded into the district police station. The woman who gave away the trousers, the gas meter reader, the beggar, the woman in the clothes shop—all were also brought in, some unwillingly. At the door, instead of ushers, stood the bobbies in their helmets.

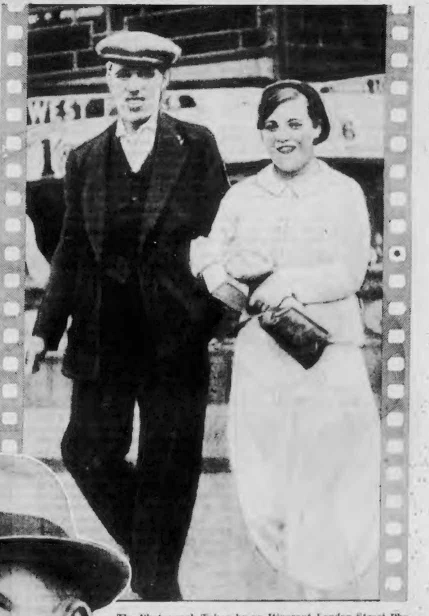
Again and again the police gathered audiences to view those films. In their hard chairs, the people sat for hours, coughing in the dark hall while the reels were run over and over. It was like a free show, except that this movie drama was being played in dead earnest. It was hopeless, however, the officials began to whisper among themselves as no one stirred and the faces followed one another across the screen in a weird jumble for the tenth time.

And then suddenly the cry of a woman rang out in the darkness. "That's them, that's Mr. Williams," was the exclamation. The film was instantly stopped and Inspector Rawlings came forward. It was the friendly neighbor who had first called the police who made the identification.

"Are you sure that's the one?"

"I'm positive—it's the way the eyebrows are set, I think. But that's him all right." Now the police were getting somewhere. At last they had a clue. They had a good likeness of the two they were seeking, as the picture on this page shows. The couple were caught off guard, in a completely natural and lifelike pose. They were not trying to hide their identity as they would have if this were a police picture. They looked like happy lovers, walking along the street with no thought of murder in their hearts.

Detective Inspector Rawlings, Whose Genius, Persistence and Resourcefulness Solved the Murder Without a Clue.


The Photograph Taken by an Itinerant London Street Photographer Which Was Identified by a Neighbor of the Murdered Woman and Then Sent to Thousands of Lodging-House Keepers All Over London and the Suburbs Until Finally Somebody Recognized the Pair and Gave the Police Their Names.

At once the modern, scientific method of "hue and cry" was begun; thousands of handbills were printed and on each one was the picture of the happy pair. These were circulated among landladies and rooming houses in the poorer sections all over London and its suburbs. The handbill did not say the pair were murderers because this might have frightened people; but it warned that they were wanted by the police and added, "They may be lodging with you!"

No response came, but instead of being discouraged, and giving it all up, officials ordered another and bigger supply of the handbills, and this time their efforts met with success. A baker, looking for mail in the hallway of his boarding house, picked up the handbill he had seen there for a few days but had not bothered to examine.

"Why, that's Alf Stratford," he exclaimed, "who used to work for the Council."

He called the police, and at last Scotland Yard found itself on firm ground with no will-o'-the-wisp clue to follow. Stratford, who called himself Mr. Williams when he rented a room from Mrs. Fortescue, was a 41-year-old war hero with a family and five children at Bethnal Green, another London suburb. For 15 years he had endured one operation after another as a result of war injuries after a bone disease set in. Twice also during the past year he was attacked by rheumatic fever, and one of his children died from it this year while two others aren't expected to live long.

Apparently such pain and sorrow made any bit of happiness he could find seem only right to Stratford. At any rate, three years ago, he fell in love with a girl who lived in the same tenement, although she was only 17 years old. A brown-eyed girl, rebellious as her dark brown hair, she returned the love of this married man and was ready to follow him anywhere. One day, according to his wife, who still loves him, he went out to "buy some toys" for the sick children and did not return. At the same time the girl, Mary Ann Flynn, disappeared.

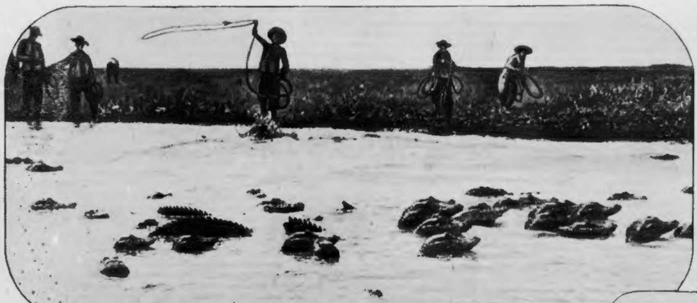
At the time of his disappearance, Mrs. Stratford notified the police, and so he was catalogued as missing. But until the lucky identification at the impromptu "movie" in the police station, there was no reason to connect him with the death of a landlady in another part of London.

Then it was discovered that Flynn, the missing girl, had robbed an employer of $25 only a week before Mrs. Fortescue was found dead. According to the employer, Miss Florence Gaze, at Golders Green, the girl had been her serving maid and Stratford was in the habit of calling by when Mary was through for the day. When Miss Gaze identified the pair in the photograph as the two who had robbed her, the police were certain they were on the right track. Even the violence of the later robbery had been foreshadowed, for Miss Gaze had come home unexpectedly and found the pair robbing her home. There was a tussle, and the employer was knocked down, whereupon the thieves escaped.

But where were the pair now? The

(Continued on Next Page)

"Cowboys" Of Marajo, Who Lasso The Ferocious Crocodiles



A Group of the "Cowboys" on the Island of Marajo, Indulging in the Hazardous Pastime of Roping the Crocodiles Which Infest the Waters.

BLACK STAR PHOTO'S

The Last Battle of an Old-timer Being Hauled In to His Doom.

The Natives Also Use Harpoons in Capturing the Huge Saurians.

When the Crocodile Is Pulled Ashore by the Rope, He Is Slain With Keen-edged Axes.

THERE are in the world a few brave and foolhardy men who wrestle with alligators and crocodiles for the thrill they get out of this dangerous business. But the island of Marajo, set in the wide mouth of the Amazon River, boasts hundreds of farmers who are the most skilful crocodile fighters and killers in the world. These swarthy Brazilians don't stalk the big beasts for the sport of it; they put in several weeks a year capturing them and annihilating the hungry monsters in order to protect themselves, their families and especially their herds of cattle.

The Marajoans are as expert with the lasso as the cowboys of the North American West. They use the rope in their range riding and, as the pictures on this page show, in their crocodile hunts during the rainy season.

It is during this time of year that the big beasts crawl and swim about the pools of water that form all over the island—which is as large as Holland, Switzerland and Belgium put together—and menace the cattle that come to the pools to drink.

The South American cow punchers gather in bands, all over the island, and with lassos, harpoons and sharp axes, get busy reducing the crocodile population. It might seem that they are wasting time and effort by roping the beasts instead of shooting them, but that isn't so. They have learned by experience that it is not easy to kill a crocodile with only the top part of the snout and its bulging eyes showing above the surface. As often as not a well-placed shot only cripples the big-mawed saurians and leaves them around to recover from their wounds to continue their depredations.

The few visitors to the island of Marajo who have watched these Brazilian riders of the range round up crocodiles by the hundred, say they are crack throwers of the lasso and seldom miss when they throw the loop at the head of one of the ugly brutes. The target is small, but these experts are used to shooting at small targets.

Nine out of every ten crocodiles on the island are killed on land—with axes. As soon as they are roped they roll and twist and lash their powerful tails in an effort to escape, but they are pulled out of the water and hacked to pieces. One of the photographs on this page shows a Marajo farmer about to drive the heavy blade into the head of a crocodile that has just been hauled to the bank of a pond.

In some of the ponds that are too broad for the cowboys to do their hunting from the shore boats are used. These are shallow skiffs not especially well suited to the dangerous business in hand. Almost every year some of the boats are upset by the frantic maneuvers of the crocodiles and some of the hunters lose an arm or leg. Now and then one of the farmers is trapped in the water and mangled so badly that he dies.

The lasso is used from the boats, too, but the Marajoans have found that a harpoon with a long, strong line fastened to its shank, is a better and safer weapon to use.

The men of the South American island are a strong race and exceptionally courageous. They seem to enjoy laying off their herding and farming operations to clean up the crocodile situation and as soon as a boy gets old enough—usually around 16—he is allowed to go on the hunts and try his hand at lassoing the brutes.

The girls of Marajo look upon the young men who are good at roping and killing the scaly monsters in much the same way that American girls regard their heroes of the football field.

His Own Limousine And Chauffeur for the Prize Pony

INTL.

This Is White Olaf, of Manar, the Prize Shetland Pony Owned by F. D. Maclean, Getting Out of His Own Private Car for the Show at Flemington, England.

WHITE OLAF, of Manar, is the world's most pampered pony. At home on the English country estate of his owner, Mr. F. D. Maclean, he occupies a double-size stall in which the straw is changed every day. In one corner of the stall is a specially made drinking fountain in which cool spring water circulates. In the late Spring, the pony spends pleasant days browsing in a private clover patch. But it's when the blue-blooded animal travels that it enjoys the last word in luxury. White Olaf has his own limousine and a chauffeur. The standard back seat has been removed and the inside of the tonneau is specially padded so that there's no danger of the pony being cramped for room or bruised while the machine is rolling over the road.

The photograph at the right was taken recently as White Olaf was stepping out of his personal car to capture a blue ribbon or two at the Flemington livestock show. The chauffeur is holding the door open and helping the pony out.

People all over the British Isles know about White Olaf and his equipage because he is entered in shows from one end of the country to the other and seldom fails to bring home a cup or a ribbon. And he actually enjoys riding in his motor car.

For the past several years another pony—the mascot of the Fifth Inniskillings Dragoons Guards—has been provided with special transportation whenever the guards move from one training ground to another or when its crack riders take part in a horse show.

This animal's name is Donald and he has a trunk to ride in. This trunk is thickly padded inside and has screened openings in its curving cover and its sides, so that the mascot gets plenty of air.

Sometimes the trunk is carried in an army truck and sometimes it is shipped in a railway car, depending on the distance that Donald and his soldier friends are traveling. At first the pony—who knows a lot of tricks and is an expert jumper—didn't like the idea of traveling in a trunk but he soon got used to it and makes no complaint now when he's packed up for a little trip.

The trunk is neatly painted and has the pony's name lettered on it, along with the insignia of the outfit to which he belongs, but it is not the gaudy manner of getting around that White Olaf's doting master provides for that pampered pet.

Of course, many British and American race track enthusiasts who breed their own horses and maintain their own stables have special motor trucks to ship their mounts from their estates to the race tracks. Some of these trucks are luxurious affairs, with quarters for the animals' handlers as well as for the horses themselves. One English nobleman, who enters horses in every important race meet in the country, has a fleet of three such covered lorries, which are heated and equipped with special springs to save the valuable horses from the shocks of the road.

But White Olaf, of Manar, is the only member of the horse family in England who can boast his own limousine and private chauffeur.

The first two or three trips that he made in his up-to-date closed car were not pleasant experiences for him or for his driver. The pony was nervous and had to be calmed down. He kicked at the upholstered sides of his rolling home and managed to do some little damage before the machine was stopped and he was taken out for a bit of a run.

When he finally calmed down the chauffeur led him back into the machine, tethered him to a ring attached to the steel tonneau and admonished him to take it easy until they arrived at their destination.

Today White Olaf would rather ride with his chauffeur than go on his own legs or travel by truck or train.

Real Police Work Like A Detective Mystery Novel

(Continued from Preceding Page)

police work was not yet finished.

So now the police entered on a new phase of their search. They found out the names and addresses of all the relatives and friends of both Alfred Stratford and Mary Flynn. Then all the London Sub-postoffice stations were notified to watch all mail sent out or received by these persons. But the police did not with this settle down to a period of watchful waiting. All through London, people were questioned on the street and shown pictures of the missing couple. Had anyone seen them lately?—but nobody had.

By now the guilty two were on the run; they did not dare look for work or be seen in public. It was more and more difficult to find lodging or money to live on. Then, hunted and in terror, desperate for food, Mary made a slip. She wrote her brother that she would kill herself unless she received help of some sort. The letter, of course, was intercepted by the police. It bore an E. 8 stamp, which narrowed the search down to the Dalston district. Immediately, a thorough police net was spread.

From a map at headquarters, the police marked out all possible public points where the two might go, and stationed detectives and police there, disguised as loungers, laborers, and street peddlers. A close watch was set on street corners, lodging houses, trolley, train and bus stations, movies, dance halls, cafes, and newspaper shops. All the agents had committed to memory the faces of the wanted pair.

At last, standing in a crowd at a bus stop, Stratford was recognized and arrested by Inspector Rawlings himself, the inspector who had first thought of the films. Stratford told where Mary was, and a few minutes later she, too, was a prisoner. Scotland Yard had again proved that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains.

At first Mary Flynn took all the blame herself, but later in court she admitted that this was not so. "He is the only man I have ever loved," was her explanation. "I wanted to shield him and take the blame. If he had stuck to the story, I would have died willingly for him."

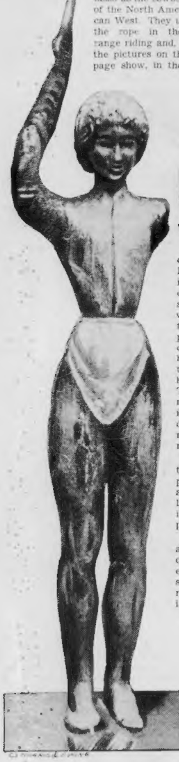
What apparently had happened was that the lovers, throwing aside all thought of the future, had run away after robbing Mary's employer. For a week they took in all the sights—Brighton, the Coney Island of London; movies, bus rides to the country, even fancy meals and a comfortable room. Then suddenly they were brought up sharp by the fact that only a few dollars were left. Reality closed in on their thoughtless honeymoon.

They found a less costly room with Mrs. Fortescue, having been directed there by a store-clerk, and they handed over most of their remaining money as advance payment for the lodging. The landlady stared at them suspiciously, for they had no baggage, but they looked honest, and besides, money is not to be sneered at, for times are hardly ever good for landladies. Thus did trouble enter her house; she was not to live to see it go.

A week later, when the rent was again due, Mrs. Fortescue demanded it. The lovers, hunted and already starving for more than a day, argued with her. The landlady became frightened and threatened to call the police if they would not pay. To them, then, it all seemed so simple. They would close her mouth so she could no longer hound them for rent; they would just tie her up. And there in the handbag lay money, some of which they had paid out to her, so temptingly. Quickly the woman was bound up; no one heard them. They took the money in the purse; it was $25. Then they left the house, not dreaming, they insisted at court, that the old woman would die. They expected her to get free any minute, or that someone would find her.

The lawyer for the defense pleaded that Mary Flynn had loved, not wisely, but too well; but just the same she was sentenced the other day to eight years in prison for manslaughter and Stratford was sentenced to death, but this was later commuted on appeal to life imprisonment.

After passing sentence, the judge praised the remarkable work of Scotland Yard in solving the case. One man who would have been pleased by the method of solution is Monsieur Alphonse Bertillon, who established the Bureau of Judicial Identification in Paris in 1881. A bitter opponent of fingerprint detection, he first started the use of cameras in police work, "to produce the likeness most easy to recognize and the easiest to identify with the original." A quick glance by the little black box with the long memory, and a murderer already has one foot in jail—he has been inexorably "mugged" for all time.



The Carved Ivory Statue of a Boy Deity of Ancient Crete, Now on Exhibition in London, and Valued at $5,000 for Each of Its Seven Inches of Height.

Ancient Statue Worth $5,000 an Inch

THE most interesting object shown at a recent exhibit of ancient Greek works of art in the Royal Academy of Arts, London, was the little seven-inch-high statuette seen in the photograph above. Archeologists and dealers in such rarities have judged it to be worth about $35,000, or $5,000 an inch.

The figure is that of a boy-god with a Mona Lisa smile on his youthful face, one arm upraised, the other missing and a physique that seems more feminine than masculine. It is carved from ivory which is still in an excellent state of preservation, although the material is badly discolored because of the centuries that it lay buried beneath the ruins of a palace on the island of Crete.

What master craftsman cut the graceful figure from a section of an elephant's tusk is not known for, as is so often the case with ancient Greek sculptures, he failed to leave any mark on the relic to help identify the artist. But it is certain that the figurine was made many years before the dawn of the Christian Era.

For some strange reason the sculptor took much more pains with the legs than with the arms. The calves and thighs are beautifully molded but the one remaining arm is almost primitive in its simplicity. The torso is not so badly spotted and stained as the legs and the face is almost as clear as when it was carved.

Several hundred similar works of old Greek art were in the exhibit but this one, because of its rarity and value was the highlight of the show.

Famous Broadway "Playboy" Becomes Gentleman Farmer

Multimillionaire Phil Plant, Notable New York Night-Life Leader, Cuts Out Feeding Gold Pieces to the Chorus Girls and Now Feeds Corn to His Chickens

Mr. Plant and His Second Wife, Who Wooed Him Away From Broadway "Playboy" Life.

Constance Bennett, Who Was the First Mrs. Phil Plant.

Mr. Plant in His Chicken Coop, Nursing a Prize-winning Majorca on His Knee—an Entirely Different Kind of Chicken Than Those Who Used to Roost There in His Playboy Past.

Helene Jesmer, Show Girl, Who Sued Phil for Injuries Sustained in an Automobile Accident in His "Playboy" Days, and Was Awarded $100,000 for Them.

Marjorie Finley, Another Show Girl Who Sued Phil for Breach-of-Promise, but the Case Was Settled Without Going to a Jury.

"WHAT a dreadful life he leads!" said the shocked Broadway friends of Philip Morgan Plant, reformed Broadway "playboy." "Can you imagine a millionaire going to bed at 9 P. M. and getting up at daylight, just to work for a lot of animals? Of course, it won't last."

But Mr. Plant has tried both kinds of lives and finds the playboy one the dreary and dreadful existence.

When the will of the late Commodore Morton F. Plant, railroad and hotel magnate, was read in 1918, a thoughtful-looking boy learned that he had inherited about seventeen million dollars. Philip was a child of fortune, because he was only an adopted son of the very rich man, and perhaps for that reason had taken care to please his foster-father by his serious and studious behavior.

But now that he could no longer be disinherited there seemed no longer to be any special reason for such conservatism. Since people worked to make money, and he already had more than he could spend, there appeared to be no sense in wasting his time working to make more. The sensible policy was to put in all his time getting all the fun he could out of life, and the most efficient way must be to follow in the steps of the playboys who specialized in pleasure. With envy, he had occasionally seen some of them just stepping out as he was stepping in, to go to bed.

So now Philip stepped out and in one stride reached the head of the class of Broadway spenders and roisterers, becoming Playboy Number One until three years ago when he quietly announced that he was "cured," and through with all such foolishness forever. This brought roars of laughter, because who ever heard of a playboy reforming as long as he had a dollar of cash or credit left to spend?

Well, they have heard of it now because Mr. Plant has stayed "cured" ever since, working from sunrise to sunset at his self-imposed job of being a gentleman farmer. Of course Phil's old boon companions did not believe he meant it. As soon as they learned that he had buried himself in an old house in the Oswegatchie section of Waterford, Connecticut, they began motoring out to visit him for week-ends.

Plant had not invited them, but that made no difference. A playboy's time is of no value except after daylight, when he wants the world to keep quiet and let him sleep till early afternoon. The rest of the twenty-four hours it is quite all right for friends or even the barest acquaintances to crash in on his parties wherever they can find him.

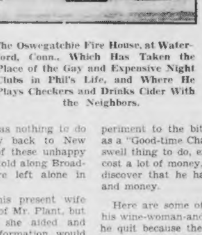
They found him in an old house which happened to have been his birthplace, and was surrounded by a large estate, which seemed to them all to the good. Many all-night road houses have taken over somewhat tumble-down mansions, and even barns if they have enough land to prevent neighbors from complaining of the singing, quarreling and piano-pounding.

Mr. and Mrs. Plant received their uninvited guests courteously and hoped they would be comfortable in rather surprisingly cramped quarters, including only one bathroom, a tiny kitchen and one maid-of-all-work. However, that was not so important because playboys and playgirls do not need luxurious quarters. After being up all night and having achieved the proper degree of alcoholic stupefaction, they can sleep on couches, in chairs, on the floor or out in the cars. It is what has gone before that counts.

Instead of offering his callers a cocktail or highball, Phil showed them around the estate. There were pedigreed chickens, horses, cows and pigs. Especially blue-blooded were the pigs, so much so that the Department of Agriculture had expressed an interest in their health and behavior. But to playboys and playgirls, pigs are of no interest until they are in the form of cocktail sausages. They were even bored at sight of some strange and valuable birds, the only ones of their kind this side of Asia, and hard to keep alive. Why should he want to keep them alive, they wondered and were thankful, at last, to hear the dinner gong.

Now, surely, they would get a drink to cheer things up, but throughout the plain though hearty meal nothing alcoholic was served. After dinner the host did bring out a bottle, but at nine o'clock, before they had more than a couple of rounds, Mr. and Mrs. Plant excused themselves, explaining that they must go to bed in order to be up at dawn with the chickens.

The next morning the guests found the estate to be a busy, noisy farm. There was nothing to do but drive disgustedly back to New York. After a few of these unhappy experiences had been told along Broadway, the Plants were left alone in their "dreadful life."



The Oswegatchie Fire House, at Waterford, Conn., Which Has Taken the Place of the Gay and Expensive Night Clubs in Phil's Life, and Where He Plays Checkers and Drinks Cider With the Neighbors.

Everyone blamed his present wife for the transplanting of Mr. Plant, but he says that while she aided and abetted it, the transformation would have happened anyway. The thoughtful youth with $17,000,000 who had determined to be a playboy de luxe, had made a long and thorough test of that career and found it a swindle. The topsy-turvy night life is exhilarating for a few days but rarely longer than the average person's vacation lasts.

Thrills turned out to be like jokes, good the first time but boresome when repeated, and the smart night-life people seemed to have the same fault, for the oftener he met them the less they interested him. Soon it became a chore each afternoon to discover some place or person who would help to kill the long hours of the night that stretched ahead of him, and, as the years passed, this grew constantly harder until finally he realized that it was impossible.

But he was through and had the means to pursue the experiment to the bitter end. As often as a "Good-time Charley" told him of a swell thing to do, except that it would cost a lot of money, he tried it, only to discover that he had wasted his time and money.

Here are some of the high spots of his wine-woman-and-song career which he quit because there wasn't any real fun in it. For two years he followed in the footsteps of older men-about-town, throwing bigger and better parties along Broadway and entertaining more and prettier girls.

Then, in 1920, having just bought a bigger and faster car than he had ever owned he set off one night from New Haven after a football game with three boy-friends and 19-year-old Helene Jesmer, prettiest chorus girl in the Greenwich Village Follies of that year. As they went roaring down the highway, a large truck loomed unexpectedly in the road, turning their joy into terror.

It may have been the truck driver's fault, but Phil had to take to the ditch, where the car struck a tree. The four boys were only slightly hurt, but lovely Helene lost the sight of one eye, most of her teeth and was otherwise so pitifully disfigured that Phil's lawyers were glad to settle her half-million-dollar suit for $100,000. That did not hurt the boy multimillionaire financially, but it forever ruined the thrill of fast motoring.

Hundreds of women wanted to marry the rich young man and quite a few imagined they were going to succeed. But Plant seems to have had no serious intentions until 1925, when he happened to be present at the coming-out party of Miss Judith Marcia Smith, daughter of the socially-registered Mr. and Mrs. George Hunter Smith of New York City. She was one of the most socially-important as well as charming debutantes of the season.

The deeply-impressed playboy was struck with an idea. It suddenly looked to him as if perhaps there might be more fun in the ancient institution of marriage than in all the night-life antics put together. Anyway it was worth trying. Accordingly he wooed and won Miss Smith, but hardly had the engagement been announced than he saw a flaw in the theory. He was not through with other experiments, but his fiancee made it clear that these would have to stop.

Just as he was wondering what to do about the situation the actress, Miss Constance Bennett, came along and made it quite clear. Falling in love with Constance, he fell out of love with Marcia. An actress who knew her way around Broadway ought to make a more sympathetic wife for a playboy.

When young Mr. Plant explained this to young Miss Smith she saw the logic of it and released him, but it almost broke her heart. Miss Bennett's marriage to Chester Hirst Moorhead, young son of a wealthy Chicago physician, had been annulled, so Phil was free to woo the actress and did so with a vigor that disorganized a moving picture studio and wrecked a perfectly good picture.

Miss Bennett and Owen Moore, Mary Pickford's former husband were filming the "Sixth Degree" at Fort Lee, just across the Hudson River. Phil's presence excited the disapproval of Mr. Moore and he asked the director to eject the gilded youth from the studio. But when the order was given Miss Bennett went with him, explaining that she could not work without Phil's inspiring presence. The picture had to be left unfinished.

In November of that year, Constance and Phil were married only to run into series of quarrels and trial separations ending in a Paris divorce in 1929. Mr. Plant now realized that any sort of wife would interfere with his playboy career, but that did not prevent numerous chorus and show girls from announcing their engagements to him. One of these, Marjorie Finley, announced it in court, with a $400,000 heart-balm suit which was settled privately.

Phil seems to have thought that Barbara Hutton, with her wealth and other unusual qualifications, was perhaps an exception as material for a playboy's wife. But just as everyone expected to hear an announcement, along came Prince Mdivani, a playboy with a title, and Phil was jilted.

Mr. Plant had learned the perils of motoring on the narrow highways, but on the broad ocean where there is plenty of room and no speed laws, there should be no trouble. So he bought the Lolita, a $20,000 fast cruiser, only to have it rammed and sunk in collision with Chatfield Taylor's yacht, the Chang Wang III, in the dark, off Rye Beach. Plant's deck-hand was drowned and his guest, Claire Windsor, blonde film star, was so angry at the ducking and publicity she received that she added her own to the other lawsuits arising from the wreck. That was the last straw.

Early in 1934, Plant sat on the sands of Florida, a hopeless failure, who had given many years and large chunks of his inheritance to being a playboy and gotten nothing out of it but bitterness. At this, life's darkest moment, Edna Dunham, divorced wife of a Boston stock broker, asked why he didn't go to work and do something useful, assuring him that he would find a "kick in it."

Plant grasped at the idea, like a drowning man at a straw, and also at the lady who suggested it, persuading her to help him lead the useful life.

His usefulness as a gentleman farmer is not in raising farm produce to compete with "dirt-farmers," but in making costly experiments which they cannot afford, but which, if successful will benefit them.

Besides the most blue-blooded of chickens, Mr. and Mrs. Plant specialize in rare birds which they import from all parts of the earth, including tropical water fowl, almost every known variety of pheasant, Victoria crowned pigeons, Demoiselle cranes, Scarlet Ibis from Brazil, and other species. Experts from all parts of the world come to view the collection.

But is this work of any real scientific importance? The answer comes from The American Museum of Natural History which is collaborating with Mr. and Mrs. Plant in an expedition to collect rare specimens in Africa.

Broadway has given Phil up for lost, a playboy gone wrong. For diversion Phil goes to the Oswegatchie fire house to drink cider and play checkers with his neighbors.

Sisters Wed Same Man, But Didn't Know It

"I HAVE the perfect husband," wrote pretty little Mme. Trojan to her older sister, Mme. Korber. "I didn't suppose there was such a man. He thinks of everything I want in advance."

"My husband is as perfect as yours," replied Mme. Korber. "In fact he seems to be a good deal like him."

These letters are part of the correspondence unearthed by the police of Bucharest, Roumania, who are investigating a very remarkable case. A smart young business man of Bucharest, named Lippu Korber, put an advertisement in the newspapers giving his age, attractive appearance and various engaging qualities and stated that he desired a wife. A great number of answers were sent in by trusting young women of various ages.

After a leisurely examination of all the applications Mr. Korber selected the photograph of an attractive young woman. It especially suited him because the letter accompanying it revealed that she had a dowry of 400,000 lei, a substantial fortune, considerably larger than it would appear to be by simply converting it into dollars at the rate of exchange. Her first name was Ina. The police have withheld her family name.

The fair candidate for matrimony stated that she and all her relatives lived in a town in Transylvania far away from Bucharest. This appeared to be of added advantage to Mr. Korber. He would not be troubled much by his mother-in-law, and there were other reasons.

He sent an answer to Miss Ina inviting her to come to Bucharest as soon as possible and be united in holy wedlock. Ina found her husband all she had hoped he would be, the perfect realization of love's young dream. The honeymoon passed all too quickly and Mr. Korber informed his wife that he must return to work, for he was a traveling salesman.

Mme. Korber was very sad when he went away and her sorrow was increased as his absences became longer and more frequent. The young husband made long journeys through the extensive and thinly populated areas of Roumania and he would return home after absences of three weeks or more. He was extremely affectionate on his return and entertained his wife with descriptions of his adventures in various cities.

On His Final Return Korber Asked His Wife About Her Sister. On Learning of Her Dowry He Decided to Arrange a Marriage, and Did So in a Curious Manner.

Then after an absence of several weeks Mr. Korber started a new line of conversation.

"Tell me about your sister, darling," he said.

"She is much prettier than I am," said Mme. Korber, "and very well-educated."

"And has she a dowry?"

Mme. Korber laughed and said: "Why do you ask me that, dearest?"

"I would like to arrange a marriage for her," said Mr. Korber. "I have a friend, a very fine young man living in Brasov, in the Transylvanian Alps, who would like to get married."

"Splendid," said Mme. Korber. "Tell your friend that my sister's dowry is larger than mine."

"How much is it?" asked Korber.

"About 550,000 lei," she answered. "Tell me the name of this young man."

"His name is Aurel Trojan," said the husband. "Write to your sister at once, darling, and ask her if she will receive a visit from Mr. Trojan."

Naturally Mme. Korber complied with her husband's wishes. He went away on one of his customary long journeys and during this period she received a letter from her sister describing the visit of the charming Mr. Trojan. Very soon after that came another letter announcing that the younger sister was married to Mr. Trojan. He hadn't lost a moment.

The two young sisters who were accustomed to write to one another frequently now began to describe their experiences of marriage to one another. The younger sister declared in glowing language that her husband made her perfectly happy. But in another letter she said that her happiness would be complete if her husband did not go away on such long business journeys. Mme. Korber thought it strange that this also was the only blot on her perfect happiness.

Finally there came a time when Mr. Korber did not return home from one of his journeys on the date fixed. He had always been very punctual in keeping promises. Mme. Korber after waiting three days was tortured with anxiety at the thought that some accident had happened to her perfect husband. In this cruel emergency she went for help to the Bucharest police. They assured her kindly that they would trace Mr. Korber without delay.

She returned home somewhat comforted, and when she did so she was surprised to find a letter from her sister announcing the unexpected disappearance of her husband, Mr. Aurel Trojan. She also was torn with anxiety.

Inquiries by the police soon established that Mr. Lippu Korber, the missing young business man of Bucharest, was the same person as Mr. Aurel Trojan, the young business man who claimed to be from Brasov. He was a bigamist of exceptional daring who had married two young sisters at the same time and had robbed them of their comfortable dowries. He is still missing, but the police are confident that he will soon be caught. His disappearance was probably due to the fact that he believed Mme. Korber had discovered his deceit. It is also probable that he had married other women, the police think.

Fireproof Clothes That Can Be Laundered In Flames

HOUSEWIVES may soon be able to solve their laundry problems by the cheap, quick and simple method of throwing clothes and home furnishings into the fire to clean them. That is, if they and their families would just as soon use all sorts of articles made out of asbestos cloth, instead of cotton, wool, linen and silk.

An English firm has just discovered a way to weave different grades of this fire-proof cloth out of an imported form of asbestos yarn, colored with a new type of dye that is also fire-proof. And it is expected that anything made of this novel fabric can be cleaned by putting it into the flames, which will burn out stains, germs and grease spots without damaging the material or destroying the colors.

The Bell's Asbestos and Engineering Supplies, Ltd., of London, which owns the patent to this new process, has already produced unburnable fabrics suitable for such things as overcoats, suits, dresses, gloves, aprons, sheets, pillow cases, blankets, curtains, napkins, tablecloths and rugs. The finest quality that has so far been made, however, is about the same texture as coarse muslin, and is too heavy for such items as stockings, handkerchiefs and underclothing. But the process is being improved, and it may eventually be sufficiently refined to turn out materials suitable for the flimsiest garments.

Anything, It Is Claimed, Made of This New Fabric Can Be Cleansed by Placing It in Flames Which Harm Neither the Cloth Nor the Extraordinary Dye.

A number of articles made of different grades of this new asbestos cloth were recently exhibited in London by the Bell's company. One was a lightweight suit of clothes designed to keep racing drivers from being burned to death when their cars are wrecked and catch on fire. Another was a gaily-colored apron for housewives to wear while working around the stove. This not only protects the clothing underneath it but it can be used to lift baking pans from a hot oven—and as everyone knows, when a cook is in a hurry the temptation to use her apron for a lifting rag is almost irresistible, a careless habit that often causes disaster. Also for housewives was a pair of asbestos gloves, attractively designed and intended to be worn while cooking or attending the furnace. Other fireproof items in the exhibit were draperies, window curtains, table mats, blankets, rugs and a material to take the place of wallpaper—all colored in bright patterns.

A thick, coarsely-woven form of asbestos cloth has been in commercial use for a number of years. It has been made into gloves and suits for firemen and for the protection of workmen in smelters, rolling mills and various manufacturing plants where there is danger of injury from hot metals. But the place where this heavy asbestos fabric has been most familiar to the public is perhaps in the fireproof curtains in theatres.

One reason asbestos has not been put to more uses in the past was the difficulty of weaving it into cloth of finer texture. Asbestos is a mineral, a rock substance composed of crystal fibres that can be carded, spun and woven somewhat like wool, or pressed, like animal hair, into a kind of matted felt. But these fibres are short, brittle and easily broken. From wear, they scuff off, forming a fluff that sticks to other fabrics and in the past has been too much of a nuisance for asbestos cloth to be in general use in the home. Another objection to previous forms of asbestos cloth has been the damp and clammy feeling of the mineral fibres, which were unpleasant to the touch. On top of that, it was formerly impossible to dye these fabrics in the same way that other textiles were colored.

The new process, however, is said to have overcome all of these disadvantages. The exact method is still a trade secret, and just how it is done has not yet been disclosed. But it is understood that the principle consists of soaking the fibres in some special chemical solution which coats them and makes them soft, pliable and tough, so they can be spun into much finer and stronger thread than ever before. This treatment also keeps the fibres from breaking off so easily, and prevents them from fluffing. At the same time it removes the unpleasant, clammy feeling, and makes it possible for the yarn to be dyed. In addition, a new form of coloring matter that will stand fire has been discovered—after thirty years of research.

Curiously enough, the name asbestos does not mean fireproof or unburnable, but almost the opposite. It comes from a Greek word that means inextinguishable or unable to be stopped from burning. Originally this term was applied to a fabulous stone which once set on fire could not be quenched, or put out—a stone that was probably unslacked lime. Later the term was applied to asbestos, and with that meaning has come down to the present day.

The people of ancient times knew about the unburnable qualities of asbestos, and in history there are a number of references to it. Plutarch speaks of the "perpetual" lamp wicks of the Vestal Virgins of Rome. The lamps in their temple were supposed to burn forever, and the wicks were not consumed and did not have to be replaced—so it is now believed that these fabulous lamp wicks must have been made of asbestos.

Another ancient writer, Pausanian, tells of a lamp with a wick which never burned up, and says that this wick was made of "Carpasian linen," or a mineral fibre that came from Carpasius in Cyprus. There is also reference to the use of asbestos cloth as a shroud for the bodies of great men. Wrapped in this fire-proof fabric, the bodies would be placed on funeral pyres and cremated, but the clothing would not catch fire—a spectacle which must have had a startling effect on the ignorant populace. The Latin writer Pliny calls this kind of shroud "the funeral dress of kings."

In modern industry, asbestos has a number of valuable uses. Steam pipes are covered with it, to conserve heat, and woven into belts it is used to convey hot materials. Spun with fine wires, it forms brake linings. Treated with rubber graphite it is used as insulating material, and for gaskets and packing for joints in steam pipes and in pump pistons. Mixed with cement, it is moulded under pressure into colorful wallboards for baths and kitchens, fireproof shingles and siding for houses, office partitions and even water-mains.

Whether or not it will ever be used to any extent as a material for everyday clothing is a debatable question. If it is as suitable for that purpose as the recent reports from London say it is, there seems to be no reason why it should not have a vogue—for the novelty, at least. But there seems to be little cause for immediate or general alarm among laundries, dry cleaning establishments, soap factories, and textile mills. Since most people prefer a variety of fabrics for their clothing, they will doubtless continue to use the customary materials. Even so, there ought to be a number of good uses for this new asbestos cloth around the home—particularly for fire-proof furnishings.

Thieves Who Stole A Whole Apartment House

DURING the course of a year many odd articles are stolen by sneak-thieves and robbers but citizens of Montreal recently were startled to learn that not even their real estate was safe from that city's energetic thieves. Three men, they learned, had served time in jail for stealing an entire house.

The house belonged to an ex-alderman, W. B. Baikie, and it was not a single house but a building of eight residential flats. Last Spring it was intact, though tenantless. This Fall it had entirely disappeared. And this had taken place in spite of the fact that it was supposedly under special police guard.

The most peculiar case in Montreal's court history came before Chief Judge Perrault recently and the prisoners admitted their guilt. Here is the story as Mr. Baikie told it:

Early in July, the ex-alderman said, he went to the police department and asked them to keep an eye on his vacant eight-flat building on Rosemount Boulevard. He received verbal asurance that they would do so, but, to protect himself, he followed up his verbal request with a letter formally asking for protection for his building. He received a written reply promising special attention. The letter he brandished in court in front of indignant police.

"Then I went to my Summer home at Lake Marois, feeling certain that my property would be safe from vandalism," he said. "On July 21 a friend from Montreal came out to visit me and told me that my building had disappeared. I came back to Montreal to make sure. I went out there and there was not a trace of my building to be found; just a hole in the ground. I notified the police and the three accused were arrested.

"Police called to the stand admitted that the house had disappeared under their very eyes. They had arrested three men, Lucien Leclaire, Joseph Burel and Oscar Viel, they said. The three men were arrested in the vicinity of the vanished building and at the time of their arrest they had a team and a cart filled with cement blocks from the foundations of the house."

"You don't mean to say the entire house had been torn down?" asked the chief judge.

"Yes, the whole house was gone," the police witness replied.

"We weren't the only ones who took stuff from the house," Leclaire said. "Why there were from 300 to 500 men, all unemployed like us, tearing down the building. They all got their share. We had heard that the city had given the property to the unemployed."

"I thought I was just being helpful," Burel said when it came his turn on the stand. "I saw everyone helping themselves and so I thought I would do the same."

All three then stated that the police had watched them while they worked and had not interfered.

The chief judge listened to the three accused. "An amazing case," he said, "but nevertheless I am afraid you three men are guilty of theft. Because you were unemployed or because you saw other men were doing the same thing does not condone your actions. You cannot walk up to a house in Montreal and proceed to tear it down and remove it without authority from the owner. I therefore sentence the three of you to time spent in jail."

In quite a few instances of brazen larceny the police have been actual witnesses to the thefts. But the classic of all time was the occasion in New York, when thieves with designs on the contents of the home of a wealthy man then in Europe, drove up to the house with a movie truck, boldly opened the doors, and pretended to take a movie of the men who carried out furnishings and art works. The police even held back the crowds for the robbers.

The Duck That Matched Jonah's Exploit

DAVY THE DUCK has just died at Bailey Island, Casco Bay, Maine. And he died a natural death too. Island fishermen and Summer visitors have talked about Davy for three years. When hearing the strange experience of this ordinary domestic black duck many have shaken their heads incredulously and gone away unbelieving. But this is actually a true fish-or-duck-story, just as you choose.

Lester Doughty of Mackerel Cove owned Davy the Duck. He got him with two or three other ducks from a friend at Great Island. Around these protected island harbors little flocks of ducks are frequently seen. Ordinarily they are safe because those predatory marine creatures like giant cod, monkfish and sharks seldom come into the shallow waters where the ducks are swimming.

Two island youngsters were playing on a Mackerel Cove wharf watching the seagulls circle around, and Lester Doughty's small flock of ducks bobbing hither and thither. Suddenly one of the boys exclaimed, "Washie, look at that duck of Lester's. He's diving backwards!" Sure enough that was just what the duck appeared to be doing. He was a good sized bird, probably eight pounds or thereabouts. Instead of gracefully going down head first as ducks do he was apparently trying to do a back dive. But he was also making a terrible noise about it.

"Something's got him and is trying to drag him down," cried one of the boys. Hearing their shouts George W. Doughty and George W. Johnson, young lobstermen, watched the bird for a moment then started on a rescue trip. Now Captain Albert Smith, former master of the Bernie & Bessie, the Carlton A. Smith and other well known Casco Bay fishing schooners, had just returned from his last swordfishing trip to Georges Bank. In removing the gear for this type of fishing from his schooner he had leaned three or four of the long harpoons against his house preparatory to stowing them away for the season.

"Doughty and Johnson saw these and picking out one of the longest, they jumped into a dory and pushed off for the distressed duck. As they drew close they saw what the trouble was. A giant monkfish was trying to swallow him.

As They Drew Close They Found What the Trouble Was. A Giant Monkfish Was Trying to Swallow Davy the Duck, Whose Experience Paralleled Jonah's.

The luckless bird's body was fast disappearing. The two young men beat the fish over its gigantic head with their oars. The only effect this had was to hasten things. With one great gulp down the cavernous maw went poor Davy. Goodbye duck.

But these fisher lads of the Maine coast know their fish. They figured that the great monkfish would slowly sink to the muddy bottom and be there until his meal had digested. So Doughty slowly rowed the dory over the place where the fish had submerged, and shading his eyes with a hand peered down into the depths. It was about half tide and the water was not more than six feet deep at the time.

"There he is. I see the cuss," whispered Johnson. "Hand me that harpoon, George." It was a faint movement of the creature's tail swinging slowly back and forth that betrayed the monkfish. Slowly poking the harpoon down through the water Johnson suddenly lunged the harpoon-head down directly through the fish's great lips pinning them securely together. Twisting the barb around the jaws were securely locked and the monkfish was pulled up and into the boat. It was about four feet long and weighed close to 40 pounds. As it lay on its back Johnson and Doughty could see along the dirty white belly the frantic movement of the imprisoned duck's webbed feet as they clawed up and down. Neither had a knife. Then began a frantic trip among the little fleet of fishing boats that are always at anchor in Mackerel Cove. Not until the fifth boat was boarded did they find a fish knife. Of course it would be too late but it was worth trying.

They slashed open the belly of the monkfish carefully so as not to cut the duck and, believe it or not, soon had Davy in the air again. The bird was covered with slime, bedraggled, its eyes closed, the picture of despair. But they carried him ashore, washed him off gently and fed him with teaspoonfuls of warm milk. In an hour Davy was himself again and since then has lived a normal duck life dying only recently three years later from natural causes. E. E. Sinnett, postmaster at Bailey Island, will also attest to the truth of this story, as will Captain Albert Smith.

Dr. Fiore Parisi, a prominent surgeon of Yarmouth, agrees that the story is perfectly plausible. "There was air enough in the monkfish's stomach, in all probability, so the duck would not have died for an hour," he states. "Similar cases have been known, dissection showing that animals swallowed alive by various larger creatures, have lived for some time. But I never knew one to emerge in this Jonah and the Whale fashion. The prompt action of the young men in harpooning the monkfish and opening him up certainly brought Davy back from the grave."

The United States Bureau of Fisheries tells us the monkfish has a remarkable appetite. It has records from individual specimens that have been opened. In one were found 21 flounders and 1 dogfish all of marketable size; half a pail full of cunners, tomcod and sea bass were in another; 75 herring were in a third. Still another specimen revealed the presence in the monkfish stomach of seven good-sized wild ducks. Unfortunately for them however, they did not come back like Davy. Other names for this fish which frequently comes up under sea birds and picks them out of the water are Allmouth, Molliglut, Goosefish, Bellowsfish, Fishingfrog.

Paris Stage Stars' Latest Bottle Battle

Tragedy Queen Eve Francis Crowns Comedy King Baur With a Glass, but He Couldn't See the Joke and Broke the French Rule of Chivalry, Never to Hit a Lady With Anything but a Flower—And Then Came the Riot

French Film Comedy King, Harry Baur, Hit by the Glass Thrown by Eve, the Tragedy Queen.

The Barroom of the Colisee Cafe, Where the Bottle Battle Took Place.

The Princess Natalie Paley, Whom Tragedienne Eve Used as the Excuse for Starting the Battle at the Colisee Cafe.

Gisele Picard, One of Baur's Guests at the Cafe Party, Who Joined Lustily in the Fray.

Mme. Taly Bey, Mr. Baur's Wife, Who Stood on a Table and Hurled Encouraging Words to Her Husband, and Other Things as Well.

Tragedienne Eve Francis, Who Started the Battle.

PARIS, Dec. 28.

THE latest of the new era of bottle battles between Parisian stage stars was brought about the other night in true Homeric style, after the lady and gentleman warriors had hurled appropriate public insults at each other.

"My disgusting friend Harry no longer likes his wife—anyone can see that," whispered Eve Francis, well-known but no-longer-young tragedienne, as she leaned against the bar of the Colisee, a Champs Elysees cafe where anything can happen.

The gentleman referred to was M. Harry Baur, at present France's leading comedian, who was sitting not far away, with that very same wife, the soubrette Gisele Picard and other companions. Eve's whisper was one of those stage whispers and was heard by everyone in the place. Madame Baur, a Turkish woman, the former Radife Taly Bey, who had been the comedian's secretary until promoted by matrimony, shot a startled glance at her husband, who reddened slightly but decided to ignore the comment. Unfortunately, Eve is not the kind of a lady easily ignored, so she whispered again:

"Of course nobody blamed him for that, but was it nice, even before the honeymoon was over, for him to cast glances of animal admiration at the Princess Paley?"

The Princess Natalie Paley, slim, blonde, film beauty, ex-partner of Maurice Chevalier and divorced wife of Lucien Lelong, the dressmaker, was with Eve at the bar and she now shook her head, making it clear that she disapproved of "animal admiration."

Mme. Baur shot another searching look at the Princess and another at her husband, but his party was still determined to pretend not to hear what everyone else was hearing. Eve took a sip of her brandy and aimed another whisper ostensibly at Jean Berger, film producer and third member of Eve's party. Jean should have realized that the way things were going Eve was going to get him thrown out of the place, just as her namesake got old Adam thrown out of Eden. She said:

"Natalie does not need to tell us that she could never care for a fat man whose head is not only bald but looks banged and battered, like an old pot, to say nothing of having a face like a brigand."

Baur merely smiled at this. His face is part of his fortune. Many think him the greatest French actor since Coquelin. He was celebrating a great triumph, his election that day as an officer of the Legion of Honor. Besides this, the comedian felt he had bested the tragedienne with his contemptuous silence and could afford to rest on his laurels.

Harry and Eve, for many years intimate friends, had recently become bitterest enemies and for some time, as often as they met in public, the tragedienne had managed to rowel him with some cruel remark that left him smarting with humiliation before everyone. That evening, as he was surveying life through the amber mist of champagne, he suddenly heard that dreaded voice, saying with suspicious sweetness:

"Harry, I hope you are happy tonight."

There was his merciless enemy advancing with hand outstretched to be kissed. Well enough he knew that anything polite and gentlemanly he might do had been foreseen and would be Eve's cue to excoriate him with one of those poisonous witticisms for which she is famous. Whatever his lead she would counterpunch him, as before. But this time he fooled her. Rising with attitude and expression of mock tragedy, he replied:

"Madame, for myself I care nothing, but for the sake of my guests I must decline to kiss your hand. Delectable is pork but it gives me hay fever."

Only a master comedian could hurl such a speech in the face of a woman without his hearers resenting it and probably hissing him. But Baur was so irresistibly funny that all but about three persons in the cafe roared with laughter. Eve could only applaud, grin and pretend to be as amused as the others as she went to the bar and fortified herself with brandy. The mistress of tragedy had a look in her eye that Berger did not like and so he hastily reminded her that Tennyson had warned the world, "Let there be no moaning at the bar."

But Eve could not resist some sort of come-back and these were not moans but whispers. A comedian can coat his poison with the sugar of humor, but the tragedienne could not and therefore her insults seemed rude and crude. In a few moments she realized that her audience was hostile, the man's silence was beating her. On the stage when dialogue does not go well it is high time for action, and therefore Eve went from words to deeds. When Homer's heroes ran out of words one of them usually hurled a spear with his last speech and Eve followed the same technique, in her final speech, saying:

"You have this day been decorated for talking. I will now decorate you again for your masterly silence."

So saying, she broke her brandy glass against the bar and with surprising accuracy hurled the jagged larger piece straight at the head of Harry Baur, several tables away. It caught him on the forehead.

Baur felt of the painful wound and found blood on his fingers and a trickle ran down and into one of his eyes. With blood in his eye and literally seeing red, the comedian charged like a wounded bull in the direction of Eve's mocking laugh.

There were tables, chairs and people in his way, but he ploughed through them all until he stepped on a rolling bottle and fell on his face at the feet of his tormenter. The comedian couldn't have been funnier if he had rehearsed it a hundred times, but only one person laughed, the tragedienne. Berger had been trying to meet Harry's rush, but until that moment there had always been someone or something in the way.

Berger's fists were doubled, but it is ignoble to strike a fallen adversary. However, it was needful to divert Harry's attack to himself, so, in the elegant phrase of rapier days he cried:

"To me, Monsieur!"

The elegance of the speech was somewhat marred by the fact that at the same time he kicked the comedian just about where his legs begin. Harry was not to be distracted by word or kick from his main purpose and hurled the movie producer almost out of the scene. Back came Jean with impressive speed, only to dive past Baur and disappear under a table. The reason was that he had stepped on the bottle.

The comedian didn't even see him. He was looking for Eve who had prudently moved away. Presently that same mocking laugh directed his gaze across a couple of tables where, through a haze of red, he saw the tragedienne's face, now split by a grin that made it look like a comedy mask. Picking up the bottle which had already played such an active part in things, he let drive at the face. But the face ducked just in time, there was a crash and a pretty star-like decoration appeared in what had been a plain wall mirror.

Berger, coming up on the other side of the table, hurled the first thing he could reach, a seltzer siphon. But a siphon is a clumsy missile and, as Homer would have described it in the Iliad, "him it missed and went another way."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen! I beg of you, stop!" cried a portly lady rushing toward the center of the disturbance. Her intentions were excellent, but the result was to stop Eve's further retreat and push her into Harry's path. Eve says that the comedian punched her face, breaking her glasses and the rule of chivalry, which says that a man must not strike a woman with anything but a flower.

It is related that Eve bit, scratched and tried to gouge out Harry's eyes, but he kept right on choking her with one hand and thumping her with the other. Gisele Picard joined in, and soon a free-for-all-fight had developed on all sides. Someone slapped the pacifist lady, who suddenly turned into a first class military power, striking with both hands at everyone in sight and preventing rescue from that direction. Someone grasped Berger, and someone punched the grasper, which developed into a general engagement on that front. The air grew thick with whizzing bottles and glasses.

This guerrilla warfare might have gone on indefinitely and ended in real tragedy if the head waiter, who looks like Napoleon and evidently thinks like him, had not risen to the occasion, mobilizing a corps of waiters near the kitchen door into a flying wedge, himself at the head. With beautiful efficiency, these trained mercenaries cut through the ranks of the volunteers and separated the principals.

The din of battle quieted down. The last verbal machine gun to stop firing was Mme. Baur, who was screaming terrible things at Eve from the top of a table. But, being uttered in Turkish, which Eve does not understand, they did not hurt as much as the things Mme. Baur threw. M. Vortici, the barman, disinfected Baur's scalp wounds with rum and bandaged them in napkins.

From there he was taken to the new Beaujon Hospital, but his room faced a cemetery. The comedian is superstitious about black cats and graveyards, so he went straight home. Next day he was laying charges of assault and battery against Eve before the Police Commissary when he was interrupted by the lady herself laying some against him. For a week the pair attacked each other through the papers, then came silence and the withdrawal of all charges. It is said that the lawyers revealed to each other some of the secrets their clients were ready to tell on the witness stand and called off the war.

The Colisee is famous for its fights, and those who go there do not do so to seek the sweet blandishments of peace, but the heroic ecstasies of probable battle.

The other evening a man in cook's costume, pursued by a barefooted Arab, brandishing a carving knife, burst in from the kitchen, circled the cafe three times silently and went out the front door. Most guests thought it was some sort of cabaret show, but it was only a discharged dishwasher sincerely trying to murder Chief Cook Andre.

Some of the Colisee quarrels are true tragedies. Not long ago a Canadian, Milton R. Harrman, cut his throat and died in the presence of his fiancee, Mrs. Cornelia Singer, and a hundred guests, driven to death, it was said, by her jealousy.

Recently Mme. Cernoshlavkova, 29-year-old Russian beauty, entered alone and ordered a cocktail. When it was served she used it as a chaser for a bottle of poison she had with her.

Bottle-battling among stage celebrities of Paris is becoming such a sign of prosperity that one often hears the expression:

"I knew that woman when she didn't have a bottle to throw."

Who Was the Meanest Man in 1936?

The Bridegroom Who Threw Hot Pennies to Young Serenaders; the Stepfather Who Chained a Boy to the Kitchen Stove; the Parent Who Beat His Son With a Stick and Rubbed Salt Into the Wounds and Other Unique Cruelties

Heating Pennies in a Frying-pan, a Bridegroom Threw Them to the Merry Children Who Came to Serenade Him and They Burned Their Hands and Bare Feet. He Spent His Wedding Night in Jail.

ONE of the greatest Christmas stories ever written was about one of the meanest men ever known. Charles Dickens invented an old curmudgeon named Scrooge in "A Christmas Carol" because he wanted to make people ashamed of being anything except generous and friendly. Dickens' story was so popular that he wrote a Christmas story every year for five years after that, his stated purpose being to help "awaken loving and forbearing thoughts." In "A Christmas Carol," the mean Mr. Scrooge, lonely and bitter in his selfishness, is shown the joys of being at peace with the world by the example of brave, lame Tiny Tim.

But not all who are mean have Tiny Tims to help them, as last year's big crop of mean-spirited actions makes clear. Many of these were so ornery that when the ill-doers were taken to court, the judges promptly nominated them for the honor of being the world's meanest man. It may be, however, that by picking the meanest man reported in 1936 from these candidates, like the foulest apple from a bad tree, the example will be heeded by those few who are still proud of being rotten to others. It's just too bad when an apple decays, but human nature is more wonderful. The greatest lesson of Dickens was that it is never too late for people to change.

Among the instances reported in the papers last year was that of the London tailor, John Cowling, who made a wedding dress for Edna Makinson, his fiancee for 17 years. Then the tailor not only jilted her but according to Miss Makinson added insult to injury by sending her a bill for the wedding gown! In this, however, he overreached himself, for the indignant girl sued for breach of promise.

After Holding Up a Filling Station, Two Robbers Tied the Attendant to a Hot Steam Pipe and Left Him.

Worse than mean were the two drunken men of Russellville, Arkansas, who stopped Jeff Mackey, an elderly farmer walking home near a railroad track. Mackey punched one of them squarely on the jaw, and this infuriated the pair. One of them drew a gun, saying, "We'll make you sorry for this." Then they made him kneel down in the space between the rails, and lashed his right wrist to the railroad track with wire, even while the scream of a train whistle announced the approach of the midnight express. Already the rails were vibrating from the great mass of the engine bearing down on its helpless victim. Leering down at him were his captors, behaving just like old time villains in the Nickelodeon serial thrillers. Then, fearing to be caught if they stayed, the two fled into the woods, and Mackey, taking on almost superhuman strength by the danger he was in, tore away from the tracks just as the train rushed by, so that only his thumb was crushed.

A more severe example of man's inhumanity to man last year is the treatment received by Martin Legal, a young filling station attendant at Union, N. J. He was recently held up by two robbers who got away with $30. But they also got away with a more outrageous offense, for Legal was found tied to a hot steam pipe with a cloth soaked in gasoline. He was rushed to a hospital, unconscious from the searing burns.

Another vicious act, just as appalling, was that of colored bandits who held up a chain-store manager in Brooklyn. They told him to open the safe, but Henry Ohlandt insisted he did not know the combination. The crooks did not believe him and sank their guns further into his side, so that he turned the dial of the safe in terror. When they saw he was stalling, one of the gunmen picked up a cheese knife and hacked off two of Ohlandt's fingers, after which they fled without the money.

Many cruel persons, callous to the sufferings of their victims, have yet the keenest sympathy with children or animals and would not think of harming them. But some there are who have no mercy even for the helpless. Peter Marlboro broke into a stable at New Brunswick, N. J., a few months ago, and ousted the cow in the stable so as to sleep in her bed. Poor Bossie wandered around in the cold all night until her owner saw her and called police. Marlboro hid under the hay but one of the officers stepped on him and so enabled the law to give Marlboro a nice, private prison cell to sleep in for six months.

Poe once wrote about a man who hated a cat so much that he killed his wife in a quarrel over it. He buried his wife in the cellar wall but the sly cat jumped in the hole too, and, when the police came, howled away until they opened the wall. Less terrifying but pointing to the same moral that those who are mean to animals are punished is the case in New York of Jules Winters, who walled up a cat because he said it stole meat from his doorstep. A neighbor saw this done and called the police.

Suspending His Son From a Transom, the Father Beat the Boy's Back With a Stick and Then Rubbed Salt in the Raw Wounds.

"I don't make much money, only $30 a month," Winters told police, "and I couldn't stand for that cat getting away with our meat." Just the same, he was given a day in jail without being allowed to pay the usual alternative $1.

The different kinds of meanness are nearly as many as there are mean individuals. Thus, the "meanest man" proposed by Magistrate Overton Harris, of New York, was Gernaro Pescia, charged with putting alcohol and coloring matter into genuine liquor bottles. "A man who would do that," said the Magistrate, "after the American people have fought so hard for the liberty to drink, would rob a poorhouse." He got four months in the workhouse.

Sometimes spite work defeats its own purpose. This year, high school students at Gonzales, California, twice enjoyed a day's vacation, but the one who gave them the holidays was a thief; he stole the school's 32-passenger bus so they could not get to class. At Trenton, New Jersey, State Museum authorities announced that for the fifth time this year the tail of Habrosaurus, a duck-billed dinosaur, has been shortened by vandals, who made off with parts of it. Fortunately for the State, only a plaster cast of the original is on display, so that the grasping thieves took away not bone a million years old, as they thought, but just cheap concrete.

Of a similar scientific turn of mind was the thief who stole the dinosaur tracks from a rocky ledge adjoining a private estate in New Hampshire. He was perhaps not the kind of man who would be cruel to children or helpless cripples, but he did an act of unkindness to all the world. The dinosaur tracks in the rock, made in a prehistoric age by giant extinct creatures, were an object of interest for many visitors. The thief had to cut them out of the solid rock, in blocks weighing hundreds of pounds. When he returned to steal more dinosaur tracks, he was caught.

An especially lucky failure of spite was when the Army blimp TC-13, on two of its flights, was fired at with a rifle from somewhere in the rugged mountain country east of Lick Observatory, in California. From his crag, the marksman deliberately sighted the blimp and let go. Had the bullet struck the gasoline tanks, the ship would have become a roaring mass of flames plunging the entire crew to death on the rocks below. As it was, the bullets struck the bag, causing loss of helium gas valued at hundreds of dollars but only partly crippling the blimp.

If anything is worse than attempting to kill the servants of one's country it might be dishonoring those who risked their lives for their country. Yet there are those so mean that respect for age and valor means nothing. This year an unknown culprit in Norwalk, Ohio, poked a stick in the face of Samuel H. Johnson, a 96-year-old Civil War veteran, and then robbed him of his pension money collected just half an hour before.

One thief, at Woodland, California, evidently had in mind the proverb, "write on the devil's horns 'good angel' and many will believe it." He stole the statue of an angel from a stone-cutter; apparently, according to police, wanting it for his own tomb. But this is a trifling offense compared to the prize scandal which recently roused Pittsburgh, where it appears not even dead heroes are safe. Vandals stole no fewer than 1,200 tombstone tablets of bronze from the graves of 1,200 soldiers in Allegheny County. The value of the stolen tablets, according to Kenneth Ketchum, county director of grave registration, is more than $24,000.

The poor, also, have good reason to fear malicious minds. Somebody with a twisted sense of humor, for instance, set fires in the hallways of a whole series of New York's poorest tenements by kindling the flames in baby carriages. Naturally the poorest people live in the oldest houses, so that these buildings shot up into flames, causing extreme suffering and even death.

One Man Was Accused of Throwing Banana Peelings Under Blind Men, So He Could Have a Good Laugh When They Slipped and Fell.

Had these fires taken place in Kaw City, Oklahoma, recently, the toll might have been even greater, for Mayor J. P. Willis had to announce to his community that "the fire department temporarily is not functioning, due to the theft last night of the city fire truck."

Another to ignore the advice, "be considerate to the poor," was Donald W. May, of New York, sentenced to six months' imprisonment for getting money from unemployed men by promising to get them jobs. "I think he is the meanest sort of thief," said Magistrate Louis B. Brodsky.

Likewise denounced from the bench was Hyman Kovaldo, of the Bronx. He was sentenced in Special Sessions to three months in the workhouse after admitting he cashed relief bureau rent vouchers at a discount. Although he is a large holder of Harlem real estate, Kovaldo had cashed checks for many poor people, each time taking a cut of 50 per cent.

On the very day of her funeral, an envelope marked "not to be opened until after my death" was stolen from the home of Mrs. Eleanor B. Mylod, of Queens, N. Y. Before she died she told her children that it contained $55 in cash and also her last wishes. Because of some mean thief, the children do not know what her dying wishes were.

At San Francisco, Miss Iona Russell was the victim of meanness and learned she could not do anything about it. She found two diamond rings, and on returning them to the owner was given a check for $10, which she did not ask for. "I went to considerable trouble to locate the owner and asked no reward," she told the Small Claims Court. To her surprise, when she tried to cash the check, she found that payment on it had been stopped. "To find it had been a worthless check made me angry," she told a sympatheic court; but there was no legal obligation involved, and so Miss Russell found out to her sorrow that "finders are losers" when folks are mean.

The meanest man is often pictured as one who puts a button in the church collection. But at London, the Reverend G. R. Balleine, vicar of St. James's, Bermondsey, recently advised his congregation that "worshipers who are kind enough to contribute buttons to the collections are requested to bring their own and not pull them off the hassocks."

Such petty behavior is not necessarily limited to the congregation. Ion Glicherie, former church sexton, was reported by a Bucharest newspaper recently as having been arrested for selling space in heaven to peasants at the rate of 15 cents a square yard.

A church robber is surely one of the meanest of men, but this year's candidate for the title was killed when with a companion he entered the Seamen's Church Institute at 25 South Street, in New York. It was risky enough to make the hold-up with the Old Slip police station only a block away, but in addition a special officer of the Institute was there to deliver justice with his gun.

Certainly one of the very worst forms of meanness is that visited upon helpless children, yet that is one of the most commonly practiced. Often for the most trifling offense the most monstrous punishments are meted out. At Findlay, Ohio, William Leeth was jailed for three months after his stepson, Bobby, aged ten, came into the schoolroom dragging a 15-foot cow chain padlocked around his neck. The boy, the judge held, had been chained to the kitchen stove and then forced to go to school with the chain still attached to his neck, all because Bobby went into the kitchen for a piece of pumpkin pie that he was not allowed to have at dinner.

Since Leeth's family are poverty stricken the sheriff lets his prisoner out two or three times a week long enough to do the chores around the farm. Leeth admitted chaining the boy to the stove because he had stolen a slice of pumpkin pie, but he denied any cruelty and said the chain was used to break the boy of "lying, staying out late and stealing."

"Spare the rod and spoil the child" is a proverb often taken too literally, and such also was the case with Ammiel Bent, of Zenia, Ohio. He smeared salt on the raw flesh of his son's back after beating him with a stick. To make it easier to beat the boy, he suspended Junior on tiptoe from a rope tied through the transom. Junior was sent to the hospital, verging on death from infection danger, while Bent, who is a janitor, was sentenced to six months in prison under an old, practically forgotten torture law.

The proverbial taking-candy-from-a-baby received a new wrinkle this year when an unidentified man stopped Anna Boback, of Yonkers, N. Y., who was gaily on her way to pay a store account with a $5 bill which she clutched firmly in her little hand. A stranger told her he was going to the same store and would pay the bill for her. He gave the girl 25 cents as a sign of good faith, collected the $5, and told Anna to wait for him. Of course, he did not pay the bill. Then, as if to make sure that he would be clear title holder to the role of meanest man reported in 1936, he came back, told the little girl that the bill was paid, and collected his 25 cents.

Recently The American Weekly reported John Richards of Glasgow, Scotland, as a possible winner of the meanest man title. He it was who held a competition for "Glasgow's Bonniest Child," and announced that on one of the national holidays, cups and medals would be given out to the children and also a feast of steak-and-kidney pie would be served. A crowd of 5,000 persons gathered outside the City Hall on the appointed day, but no Richards showed up. The whole thing was a fraud from beginning to end, and the 9,000 tickets that were sold as admission to the little City Hall, which could not hold more than 2,000 persons, had cost 25 cents apiece. Richards, a mild little man, got six months in prison—the maximum penalty—and the unhappy children got nothing.

A close contender with Richards so far as children are concerned is a middle-aged man named Albert Pasqualle, of Bellaire, Ohio. When recently he was married, a group of eight youngsters serenaded the bridal couple. Mr. Pasqualle rewarded them by flinging pennies out of the window. The children scrambled for the shining coins and picked them up eagerly only to have their smiling faces screw into agony as they dropped the money—they had been heated almost red-hot. One little barefoot girl stepped squarely onto a hot coin, and had to limp all the way home. The children all went home crying, and before Pasqualle knew it, he was spending his wedding night in jail, for the Humane Society had quickly heard of his "joke." He paid a fine after pleading guilty, but now parents are threatening to sue because they say their children's fingers were burned and blistered so badly that they could do no school work for some time. Pasqualle said, "I didn't think the pennies were so hot. We only wanted to have a little fun."

Because He Went to the Kitchen for a Piece of Pie, a Boy Was Chained by His Stepfather to the Hot Stove.

Even more helpless than a child is a blind man—even a child can lead him. Certainly those who mistreat the blind deserve no sympathy at all. Yet court cases of persons taking advantage of blind men are constantly coming up. A 22-year-old youth in the Bronx, New York City, was some months ago sentenced to ten days in the workhouse for stealing papers from a blind newsdealer in Manhattan. Magistrate McKiniry told him, "You're a thief of the meanest type, one who steals pennies from the blind." A crippled newsboy of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, reported that "the meanest man in the state" had stolen his crutch. It was taken from the bottom of the stairway where the lad, whose name is Jimmy McKeon, had left it every night for two years.

Isaac Merican, who is 79 years old and lives at the New York Guild for Jewish Blind at Yonkers, also found out that some are low enough to prey on the helpless. A gold watch was Merican's dearest possession for 44 years; he carried it about with the crystal off so he could tell time with his fingers. Each night before he went to sleep he put the watch under his pillow, and the next morning he would wind it up. But this year, one morning he ran his hand under the pillow for the watch only to find it was gone, and it has not been found since.

But perhaps the meanest man reported in 1936 is Thomas Altemus, of Philadelphia. In many of the other cases, there was some saving grace. Either the unkindness was done in anger, or for love of money, or while drunk, or for some other understandable reason. No such excuse can be made for Altemus.

It was his delight, it was testified in court, to put banana peels in front of the blind and watch them quietly until they slipped and then he would burst into laughter as the poor, sightless victims fell to the pavement. Neither did he stop with this, one witness asserted, but he put sticks, stones and garbage cans in front of their doorsteps so that the unsuspecting blind man would be sure to trip and fall over them. According to witnesses, he did this not only to a blind neighbor, Charlie Willinger, but to other blind men and women on the block. On one occasion, when a blind man's wife tried to protect him from Altemus, she was struck unconscious, it was testified.

When this testimony was given before Magistrate Beifel in the Philadelphia court, the judge was shocked and said to Altemus, "What kind of a sense of humor do you have? Why did you do this?" Altemus was very quiet and at last whispered, "What did you say, Judge?" The Magistrate's reply was, "I said $1,500 bail for trial. Maybe you'll hear that." Still stirred with indignation, Judge Beifel added that Altemus was one of the "meanest and most contemptible men" ever to come before him. When the case came up for trial before Judge Heligman, Altemus pleaded guilty of assaulting Mrs. Willinger but denied that he had tormented blind people. He was sentenced to serve three months in the Philadelphia County Prison.

Not a few of the allegedly "meanest men" of the year came to light, as might be expected, in the divorce complaints of wives who took their troubles to court.

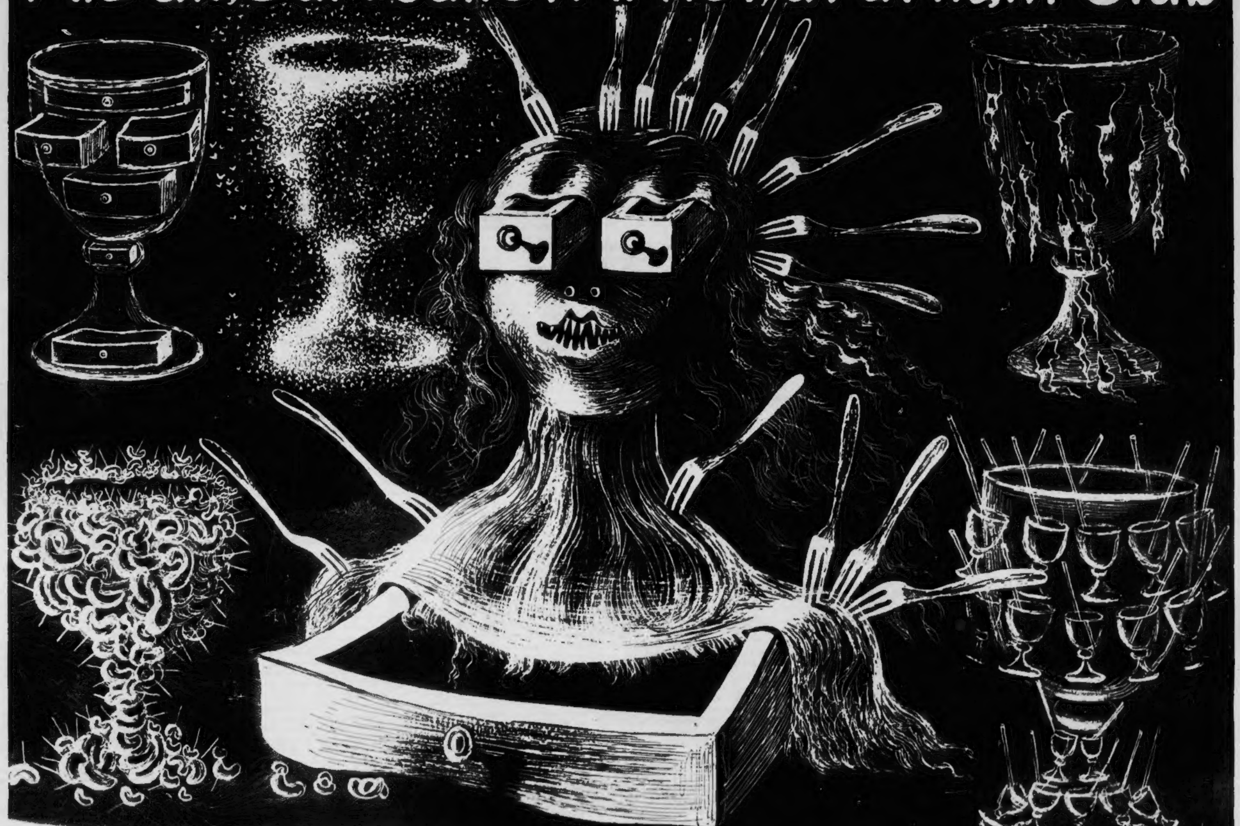
Mrs. Esther C. Lindsley, of Montclair, New Jersey, said she thought it was the extremest cruelty when her husband brought home three pigs, which he deliberately and with malice aforethought let loose in the living room of their home, teased them and made them run around, and later retired them to the garage, where they were killed. The experience so unnerved her, Mrs. Lindsley averred, that she left home for two months.

Another New Jersey wife, Mrs. Lillian Ehrhardt, of Kearny, alleged that her husband's mean and cruel nature ran to cats instead of pigs. He took malicious delight, she complained, in hurling live cats at her, and when he ran out of cats he gassed her with insect spray.

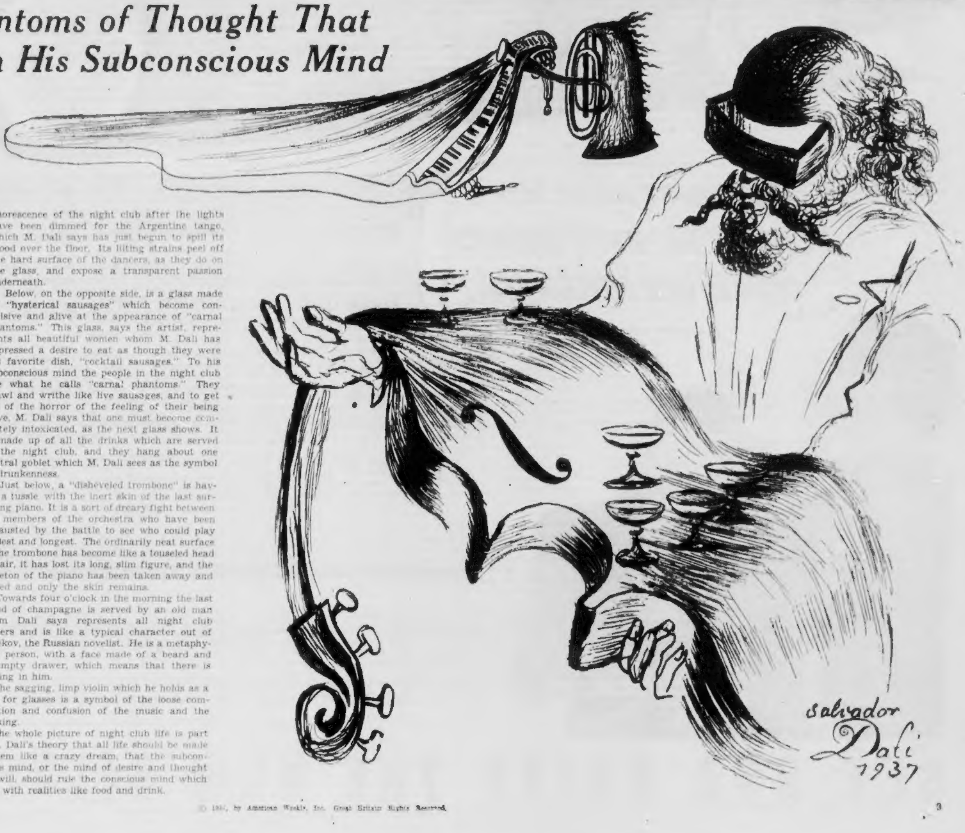
But "meanest men" in the husband line do not necessarily have to hurl cats and tease pigs in the living room, Mrs. Ethel W. Pegg, of Brooklyn, N. Y., thinks. Her husband was even more hateful, complained Mrs. Pegg, for he took her to dances wearing red shirts and overalls. She got a New Jersey divorce.

Another indignity mixed up with marriage troubles occurred in the wilds of the Ninati district of New Guinea, in the South Seas. Three Papuans got mad at a fellow tribesman because he refused to make the customary payment for a new bride he had acquired. They decided to take it out in trade. They killed the groom and ate him. They were probably the three meanest men in New Guinea.

M. Dali, Sur-realist Artist, at a Night Club



Fantastic Phantoms of Thought That Bubble Up From His Subconscious Mind Pictured by the Well-Known Art Leader



READERS of The American Weekly will remember some fantastic pages a few months ago illustrated by the European artist Salvador Dali, the leader of the curious super-realist art cult. The super-realist or sur-realist makes pictures out of his subconsciousness, or out of his dreams, or even when he is mentally disordered.

Thus it is that when M. Dali is looking at something or somebody, he is likely to see in his mind something that does not appear to the eye at all. And so it happens that the super-realist will often draw, not what his eyes show him, but what his subconscious mind reveals to him.

M. Dali and Madame Dali have recently come to New York to look after an exhibition of his pictures at the art galleries of Julien Levy, at 602 Madison Avenue. While here, The American Weekly has engaged the famous sur-realist to make some pictures illustrating his conception of men, women and affairs of New York life. This first page is M. Dali's sur-realist impressions of a Night Club.

The woman in the center of the page at the top is his conception of the invisible goddess of the night clubs, Insomnia. She has eyes in the form of empty drawers, eyes which have never known sleep. The forks in her hair represent the cannibalistic desires of night club patrons, says the artist. Her hair is made of coconut fibre because M. Dali thinks of America as a semi-tropical land. Around the goddess are glasses which change themselves constantly, according to the music, the degree of insomnia which the goddess induces in her worshipers, and the birth of desire.

The glass with the drawers open represents the element of surprise in a night club, like looking into a bureau drawer. Anything might be there, but the truth is the drawers are empty and the patrons will find nothing new.

The glass made of bees is the intoxicating buzz of the jazz, the patrons' chatter and the tinkling glasses. Night life that is just beginning has a sting like the sting of a bee, says M. Dali and all the glasses are symbols of the drinking and tinkling laughter for which night clubs are noted.

On the other side of the goddess is a torn glass, the glass which looks as though it had been partly peeled, which glows with the phosphorescence of the night club after the lights have been dimmed for the Argentine tango, which M. Dali says has just begun to spill its blood over the floor. Its lilting strains peel off the hard surface of the dancers, as they do on the glass, and expose a transparent passion underneath.

Below, on the opposite side, is a glass made of "hysterical sausages" which become convulsive and alive at the appearance of "carnal phantoms." This glass, says the artist, represents all beautiful women whom M. Dali has expressed a desire to eat as though they were his favorite dish, "cocktail sausages." To his subconscious mind the people in the night club are what he calls "carnal phantoms." They crawl and writhe like live sausages, and to get rid of the horror of the feeling of their being alive, M. Dali says that one must become completely intoxicated, as the next glass shows. It is made up of all the drinks which are served in the night club, and they hang about one central goblet which M. Dali sees as the symbol of drunkenness.

Just below, a "disheveled trombone" is having a tussle with the inert skin of the last surviving piano. It is a sort of dreary fight between the members of the orchestra who have been exhausted by the battle to see who could play loudest and longest. The ordinarily neat surface of the trombone has become like a touseled head of hair, it has lost its long, slim figure, and the skeleton of the piano has been taken away and buried and only the skin remains.

Towards four o'clock in the morning the last round of champagne is served by an old man whom Dali says represents all night club waiters and is like a typical character out of Tchekov, the Russian novelist. He is a metaphysical person, with a face made of a beard and an empty drawer, which means that there is nothing in him.

The sagging, limp violin which he holds as a tray for glasses is a symbol of the loose combination and confusion of the music and the drinking.

The whole picture of night club life is part of M. Dali's theory that all life should be made to seem like a crazy dream, that the subconscious mind, or the mind of desire and thought and will, should rule the conscious mind which deals with realities like food and drink.

Everything points to Pontiac for 1937

Bigger Car
Better Value
Greater
Economy

A General Motors Value

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT— PONTIAC HAS BUILT AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR!

NEW **MORE BEAUTIFUL SILVER STREAK STYLING**—A daring new use of chromium, plus the famous Silver Streak, and longer, lower, smoother streamlines make Pontiac the most distinctive car in the world.

NEW **LARGER, UNISTEEL BODIES BY FISHER**—World's safest bodies, with chair-high seats, adjustable, tilting 3-passenger front seat, lower, unobstructed floors, and larger luggage and spare tire compartments.

NEW **LONGER WHEELBASE**—Five more inches increases Pontiac's size to 117 inches for the Six, and 122 inches for the Eight, and adds proportionately to the roominess and comfort of Pontiac's luxurious interiors.

NEW **IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE**—The same improved Knee-Action used on the most expensive cars, combined with new weight distribution, greater frame length, and double-action hydraulic shock absorbers.

NEW **PERFECTED CENTER-POINT STEERING**—For easier, safer control this feature is added to Pontiac's famous triple-sealed hydraulic brakes—the finest, safest, smoothest, surest brakes that money can buy.

NEW **POWER AND ACCELERATION**—The new six accelerates from 10 to 35 m.p.h. in 9.1 seconds and at 60 m.p.h. uses only 38% of the available horsepower. The smooth, quiet engine starts in 10 seconds at zero.

NEW **ECONOMY**—The 1936 Pontiac won the official price-class economy championship with an average of 23.9 miles per gallon. The bigger, more powerful 1937 Pontiac is *10% more economical than ever before.*

NEW **LARGER TRUNKS**—On all touring models the trunk space is now 50% bigger than before. The wide, dust-proof and waterproof trunk doors have a new self-folding brace permitting one-hand opening and closing.

When you go to see the bigger, better, more economical 1937 Pontiac—keep in mind this one amazing fact; you can enjoy Pontiac's extra size, extra quality, extra comfort, extra performance, at a cost so close to that of the lesser cars, that you will never miss the few dollars involved. If you want to know just how small the difference is, *both in down payment and monthly instalments,* see your Pontiac dealer and have him figure it out for you. Do that—and you will become one of the great army of motorists who already have joined the big swing to *America's Finest Low-Priced Car!* Yes—everything points to Pontiac for 1937 . . . and prices close to the lowest is one of the big reasons why!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION—General Motors Sales Corporation

SEE AND DRIVE THE NEW SILVER STREAK

Tragic End of the Man Who Made Millions Laugh

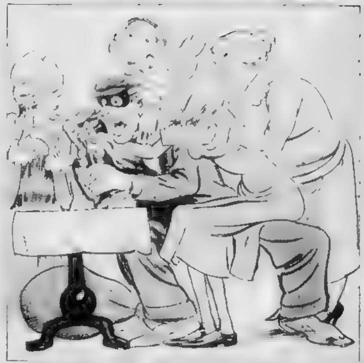
David Freedman, Champion Joke Writer, Suddenly Dies From His Own Joy and Emotion at the Best Piece of News He Ever Heard

If you gitting a divorce from yo' wife, how come you toting away that there washtub, clothes wringer and scrubbing board?"

"I ain't going to let that good for nothing woman vamp no other man wid the wedding presents I done give her."

DAVE FREEDMAN, known as "America's No. 1 Gagman," died [illegible] in New York, just at the moment conspicuous success had crowned [illegible]

[illegible]



"Hello, hello! Is this police headquarters? Send the riot squad to the Old Maids Home right away—a burglar just broke in!"

"Sure—who's this calling?"

"It's the burglar!"

Dave Freedman Rehearsing a Joke—"Now here's the way to tell it!"

[illegible]

Dave's Famous Auction Skit.

[illegible]

From College of Matrimony—School for Husbands.

[illegible]

Love—Excerpts from One of Dave's Funniest Radio Sketches for Eddie Cantor.

[illegible]

Personal Experiences He Turned Into Gags.

[illegible]

His Serious Side.

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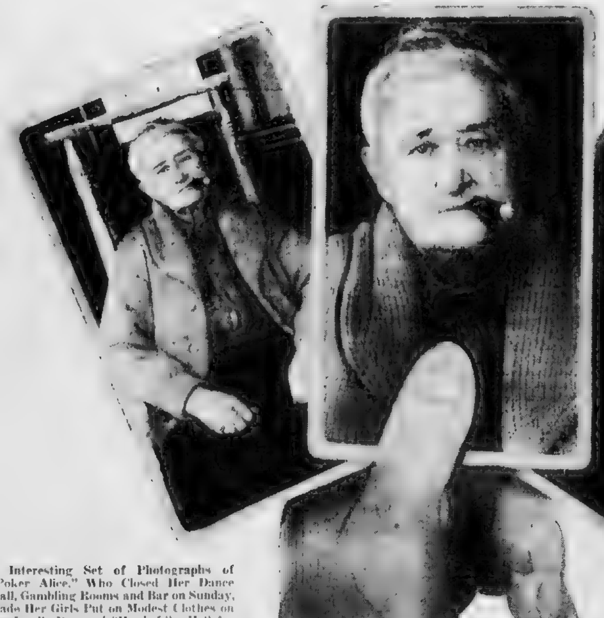
BY "ARIZON

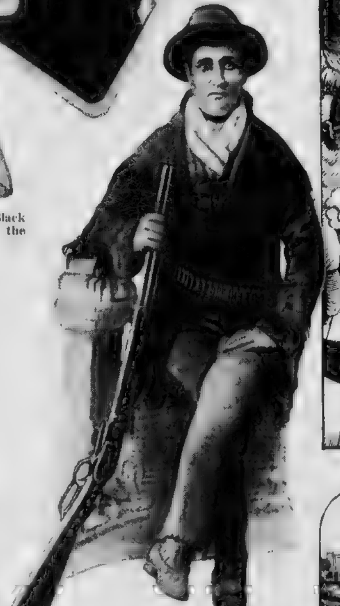
Adventures of the L
Indian Fighter, S
Deputy Marshal, A
the Notorious
the Quick-Shooti
Wide-Op



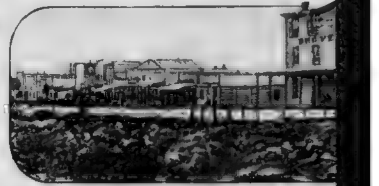
Interesting Set of Photographs of "Poker Alice," Who Closed Her Dance Hall, Gambling Rooms and Bar on Sunday, Made Her Girls Put on Modest Clothes on the Lord's Day and "Work Like Hell for the Devil" the Other Days of the Week

In Those Tough Days Men Didn't Like to Have Women at the Gambling Tables and Wouldn't Play. One Day "Poker Alice" Dressed in Rough Miner's Clothes, Stuck a Long Black Cigar in Her Mouth and, Puffing Clouds of Smoke, Sat Down at the Poker Table. That Suited the Gamblers and There Was No More Objection—the Cigar Habit Stuck the Rest of Her Life.

Photographs Copyrighted by Bell Camera Co., Rapid City, South Dakota.



"Calamity Jane," One of the Most Remarkable Women of the Frontier, Holding Her Winchester Repeating Rifle.



View of Main Street, Ellsworth, Kansas, in 1872. Thi
Towns on the Frontier at Th

ARIZONA BILL [illegible] West narrates [illegible] epoch in American history [illegible] west of Kansas City and no God west of [illegible]

Those were the almost [illegible] Arizona Bill [illegible] his early life among the frontiers [illegible] Pony Express rider, Indian scout, Deputy Marshal and Arizona Ranger. He [illegible] two-gun badmen, many of the [illegible] shot sheriffs and marshals [illegible] towns. He was a member [illegible] "necktie parties", when horse thieves, cattle rustlers and desperadoes were strung up to the nearest tree

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CHAPTER V.

By ARIZONA BILL (Raymond H. Gardner)

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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"KINDA fussy, ain't yer?" said the lady who ran the restaurant usually called the hash-house when a tenderfoot from the East told her she forgot to soak the beans and they weren't fit to eat.

"Eat 'em, stranger, eat 'em all," came a [illegible] voice, and I looked up and saw a lanky cowboy with his six-shooter covering the Easterner, who couldn't do anything but obey.

I was sorry for the tenderfoot, not because the beans were as bad as he said, but they had been cooked and dished out by a woman, and women out on the Western frontier were too scarce and precious to be criticized. They might be bad women, bad cooks, and even bad-lookers, but only another woman was allowed to tell them so. So the tenderfoot had to eat his words and, what was worse, every last one of the beans.

Some of these women were not so bad, some were good cooks and good shots, like Faro Nell, who could shoot a glass of whisky out of a man's hand or the heels off his boots and did it many a time. Nell was nice to me and once saved my life with her quick shooting because she was the sister of that pretty girl I rescued from the Indians on the first trip I made as Pony Express rider.

I reckon Faro Nell would have rated as a pretty girl any place, any time, but even a trapper who hadn't seen a woman for six months would have needed a lot of liquor to make himself think that Big Nose Kate Fisher was any beaut. Just the same Kate was the sweetheart of Doc Holliday, at that time the best gunman in Tombstone, next to Wyatt Earp. The Doc was proud and glad enough to have her and no wonder. Beauty isn't everything and she had other good qualities as I [illegible] last Sunday when I told how she saved [illegible] from a necktie party.

Men used to do exactly what women told them. I remember in Wichita, Kansas, in the seventies, the most brazen hussy was Ida May, who ran a joint aiming specially to please Texans. Among her admirers was a gunman named Clay Allison, who turned up one day with a toothache. Ida May told him about a good dentist at Las Animas. She said he would pull the tooth all right, but when he got back from the trip the toothache was still with him and they found that the wrong tooth had been pulled.

"Go back to that—fool," said Ida May, "pull out half a dozen of his teeth and see how he likes it."

Clay did as he was ordered. Going back to the dentist and, instead of laughing gas, hitting him over the head with his revolver butt, he drew six of his teeth with the dentist's own forceps. Everybody who heard about it, even Doc Holliday, who once had been a dentist himself agreed that Clay did just right, especially since a woman had told him to do it.

A well-to-do young cattleman gave this same Ida May $2,000 to buy a new piano for her honkey-tonk. It was ordered, delivered, and Ida paid $250 down. By the time the seller called for the next instalment, the madam had spent the rest of the two thousand and waved the collector away with a gun.

The merchant got a court order to take back the piano which would not have meant much but it happened that the great and only Wyatt Earp was employed by the City Attorney just then. He called with four piano movers who each grabbed a piano leg with one hand, and flourishing a six-shooter with the other carried the piano out. Earp followed up the rear with a gun and the piano stood. A few days later the same admirer and some others chipped in $1,750 more and the piano was back, "full-paid and non-assessable."

Women stood ace-high in the frontier towns in those days. They were scarce in the cow towns and mining camps and held in great value. Some of the cowboys had hardly ever seen a one and many of them who would ride after a bunch of murderous Apache Indians or shoot it out with badmen or cattle rustlers would tremble and their knees shake if a pretty girl glanced at them. I know; I was that way myself.

The greatest and most famous of all those women was Calamity Jane, the Joan of Arc of the Golden West. I have told about being one of General Custer's scouts and just missing getting massacred with him. I had heard that one of the other scouts he used at times was a woman but never believed it possible until later when I got acquainted with her. Then I knew that Calamity Jane could do anything but settle down. The only reason that Sitting Bull's Indians did not get one woman's scalp among the others when they wiped out Custer's command at Little Big Horn was because she was sick in bed, with pneumonia, the only illness she ever knew till her last one.

Calamity Jane was promiscuous. It would be a lie to say she was not a loose woman and she lost most of her looks early with her teeth, but that face and man-like figure looked mighty good to folks in time of trouble, which was when she most often turned up, a sort of hard-riding, hard-boiled, straight-shooting angel.

"Don't paint that gal with an upward look," I heard an old-timer advising an artist who was making pictures for a book on the Romantic West. Calamity Jane was always looking down at the trail or straight ahead for ambush. "And don't give her no halo. She'd look like hell in a halo. Most of the time she'd be wearin' it over one ear and some of the time it would be rollin' around the saloon floors."

In 1872 when she was scout for a small band of army officers, they were attacked by Nez Perce Indians. One of the officers, Capt Egan, was shot off his horse and would have been scalped if the girl scout hadn't shot the Indian, lifted the wounded man onto her horse and gotten him out of danger.

"Well, Jane" Egan said gratefully, "you're a good girl to have around in calamities."

The name "Calamity Jane" was fastened on her right then and she made good on it lots of times. Jane, whose real name was Martha Canary, had learned to be a frontierswoman at the age of 13 which was none too early. Most of the men and women I met who have made names for themselves, were thrown on their own as kids, instead of waiting till they were old enough to vote before they learned anything harder than playing a saxophone.

Calamity's parents got the gold fever and came out from Missouri but in Montana the mother died, the father got discouraged and headed back home. Then he died, leaving Jane at the age of 13 with five younger brothers and sisters to bring up. On the way out she had learned to ride and shoot like a cowpuncher and had one of the sharpest pairs of eyes in the West. She got her first job as scout with the cavalry under false pretenses that she was a young man of 18. Before they found her out she had taken pains to show them how good she was with horse and rifle and on the trail.

I got acquainted with Jane when I was helping the United States Marshal in Dodge City as Deputy Marshal. Dodge City was some wild town! She welcomed me by saying:

"You did a good job in Deadwood. I hope you will make good here."

I was sent with a posse to catch a New Yorker who had robbed the Dodge City Bank of $100,000. I found him in a gambling house in Deadwood and when I showed him my deputy's badge he agreed to come along quietly. In Dodge City the crowd was hot for hanging and burning him on the spot. I felt sorry for the fellow and we managed to snea him out of town and landed him in Leavenwort Prison This man had gotten away with all th [illegible] York where there was [illegible] of his eve being caught. But to be absolutely safe he decide to [illegible] where nobody could bother hi [illegible]

He was one of those fellows I can't understan born without any "bump of locality" and kept getting lost and turned around until he found himse almost broke, pretty well out West again an thought he might as well go the rest of the wa At Deadwood he had just won $250 in a gamblin joint when I grabbed him. The bank paid me $5 for my work on the case

Folks first began to take notice of Calam Jane around 1879 when she was [illegible] the Seventh Cavalry teamsters The Co[illegible] the Seventh aimed to divorce her from the out and ordered her to keep away under th[illegible] heavy penalties. For a while Jane was a [illegible] which she hated because it was too peaceful, a as soon as possible deserted for an outd[illegible] with a gun

Calamity Jane was born to ride a ho[illegible] a she used one of the best saddles th[illegible] has ever turned out. It was of [illegible] and a plains model, a double-rig style th[illegible] cinch in front and one behind and was good [illegible] kind of riding done on the range

Her shooting irons were a .45 caliber Colt s gun, frontier model, and the good old Winchest carbine .45-70. Jane was a crack shot with th six-shooter, and cowpunchers and miners that kn her were always itching to back her against so hombre that thought he could shoot. I rememb one morning at Dodge City when a bunch of bu falo hunters were wrangling about who was t best shot. Bets were made and the amount so grew to $500. A stakeholder and an umpire we chosen. The match was to be between Calam and a buffalo hunter who had the reputation being an extra crack shot

Judges were chosen for each side and a sta

NA BILL," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

ast of the Famous Frontiersmen, Who Was Cowboy, Scout, Pony Express Rider, rizona Ranger, and Knew All Two-Gun Badmen and ng, Fearless Sheriffs of the pen Mining Towns

An All-Night Scene in the Hurdy-Gurdy House, Virginia City, Montana. Miners and Dancing Girls Kept It Up Till Daybreak and, Along the Sides of the Room, Various Gambling Games Went On.

The Grave of "Calamity Jane" in Mount Moriah Cemetery on the Mountainside at Deadwood, South Dakota. "Calamity's" Grave Is Marked by an Urn and Some of Her Admirers Who Are Still Alive Keep It Supplied with Flowers. Next to Her Grave Lie the Remains of "Wild Bill" Hickok, Probably the Only Man She Ever Loved.

The Famous "Cattle Annie" and "Little Breeches," Two Oklahoma Wildcats. These Women Outlaws Were Crack Shots with Pistol or Rifle and at Close Grips Scratched, Bit and Kicked.

The Cold-Blooded Murder of William Creoar by a Desperado in the Dance Hall of the Centennial Theatre, Fort Worth, Texas. From Old Culver Service Print.

Was One of the Toughest Cow Time.

[illegible] Into that notch [illegible] the slim shining edge [illegible]

[illegible] to find Calamity Jane [illegible] on a buckskin horse, [illegible] her six-shooter [illegible]

[illegible] at that [illegible] young woman for [illegible] she was then [illegible] twenty [illegible] years old. I [illegible] there was [illegible]. Her skin was well tanned [illegible] and sprinkled with freckles. [illegible] dark brown hair that was covered [illegible] tan sombrero. She wore chaps and [illegible] on some of the worst [illegible] 130 pounds [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Calamity Jane around Dodge [illegible] her again [illegible] where I was doing [illegible]

it and needed a [illegible] with her she had a [illegible] it was her own [illegible] and I never knew [illegible] by any other [illegible] the years I knew [illegible] Calamity Jane.

[illegible] in need of [illegible] and when [illegible] she [illegible] wouldn't look [illegible]

I [illegible] ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, [illegible] she could [illegible] of them.

[illegible] and got [illegible] She soon grew [illegible] I have seen her [illegible] a string [illegible] and turn around in a [illegible] and swearing like the toughest [illegible] skinner in the army. And I've seen [illegible] government diamond hitch [illegible] I have watched her turn an [illegible] could be done.

[illegible] something [illegible] remember [illegible] these [illegible] beside [illegible] work [illegible]

[illegible] signed up in the army as mule skinner [illegible] first as [illegible] later [illegible] settled [illegible] I remember Calamity [illegible] from time to time at Fort [illegible] Fort Robinson, Nebraska Territory and in Deadwood. And I can most always see her now with a small chubby, red-faced boy, his short, little, booted legs and feet sticking out on the seat beside his mother as she swung around a curve, then squaring himself once more and looking up into her face with his brave little grin.

Calamity Jane had a lot of nerve and she was a good judge of human nature, both of which stood her well in the life she was forced to follow. Her voice was nice and soft when things were going well but could grow harsh in an instant when she was mad, and I have seen her eyes snap out fire with hatred when she was treated wrong.

After the boy came, she lived for him alone. He turned out well, too, but his death broke Calamity Jane. She said she had nothing to live for after he was gone.

She was happy as assistant to "Wild Bill" Hickok in Dodge City, helping him [illegible] on robber hideouts and the toughest [illegible] where too many [illegible] When on a raid she carried two [illegible] besides a Winchester rifle [illegible] class gunman could get away from her [illegible] But Jane had a womanly side to her character. When a family of six came into town with no money and not enough clothing she went into a saloon and collected $250 and a lot of clothes for them.

A mean gambler struck a girl in the Silver Dollar [illegible] at Dodge City and Jane rushed to her help. Bat Masterson and Wild Bill Hickok came in, but before they could do anything Jane rushed the man off to jail with her six-shooter sticking in his ribs. After a dip in the horse trough the bad-mannered gent was fined [illegible] for disturbing the peace.

At another time a gambler's [illegible] to shoot when Jane put a bullet through his hand before he could pull the trigger.

Calamity Jane tried her luck at hunting for gold but never struck a dollar's worth of pay dirt. One day a tough-looking stranger wandered into the camp and finding that one of the prospectors was a woman figured it would be safe to jump her claim. He was digging away in it early the next morning when a shadow darkened the hole and a soft voiced asked:

"Are you comin' up or do you reckon you want to be buried down there?"

The stranger took a look at Jane's gun and the face behind it and came right up. Calamity took his gun away, made him dance while she fired his own bullets near his feet and then marched him down to the jail at Central City, Colorado. It was disappointment at failing in the gold hunt that made her take to drinking so hard.

Jane tried most everything at least once in [illegible] with Clinton Burke of El Paso, Texas, for about a year. But family life [illegible] too quiet to last, so she divorced Burke. I don't know what she charged him with but the real [illegible] was that he was too [illegible] to be the mate of this wildcat.

As Jane grew old many easy jobs and good homes were found for her, but always she ran away back to the mining town saloons. Quite a lot of money had passed through this woman's hands [illegible] through [illegible] went to gambling [illegible] down-and-out miners. If any of them [illegible] forgot to come back and give her [illegible]

Calamity Jane and the famous Wild Bill Hickok were in love for many years. She died in a Terry hotel of too much raw liquor and pneumonia. Jane was a dark, well-built woman and mostly she dressed in buckskins with a couple of Colts strapped to her belt. She had a team of [illegible] and for a time worked as a freighter as I have [illegible], and she could throw more words [illegible] printed at that team [illegible] oxen drivers had [illegible]

Calamity Jane's [illegible] held in Deadwood [illegible] was [illegible] Mount Moriah cemetery on the mountain out [illegible] the body of Wild Bill H[illegible] man Jane ever [illegible]

[illegible] had [illegible] about.

Of course there were [illegible] Calamity was the lady [illegible] herself. I reckon they were wrong. [illegible] she was an angel. But I [illegible] handed [illegible] plenty of friends [illegible]

These mining towns were [illegible] gamblers, gunmen, cowboys, miners and painted women. It sure was true [illegible] Night and day the [illegible] sat and played at the tables [illegible] a man lost all his money he went [illegible] and dug out some more and came back and [illegible] it all again. Many had two six-shooters [illegible] ready to their hands [illegible]

[illegible] recognized [illegible] six-shooters. After [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] between [illegible] interrupted by [illegible]

Men were [illegible] and [illegible] they were [illegible] be the husband's [illegible] with someone [illegible] talk to the other [illegible] to be risky.

Mrs. Margaret Green was one of the most attractive women I [illegible]. Her husband tended [illegible] the Crystal Palace [illegible] Frank Leslie, "Buckskin Frank," that I scouted with as a scout in the army [illegible] dangerous gunmen I ever [illegible] Mrs. Green at a dance at the Palace [illegible] taken with her. After a dance [illegible] interrupted and [illegible] Mr. Leslie [illegible] with his wife [illegible] With his usual daring [illegible] warning knowing [illegible] on the draw than [illegible] of the dozen notches on his gun. [illegible] considered in his class for [illegible]

[illegible] had the nerve to escort Mrs. [illegible] in the morning. As [illegible] Hotel where the [illegible] fire at the [illegible] His bullet didn't hit [illegible] to shoot at [illegible] Buckskin, who could hit [illegible] replied with [illegible]

Three weeks later [illegible] the widow and [illegible] in Tombstone [illegible] for a wife whom [illegible] at the Crystal

(Continued on Page 19)

What Our Parole Boys Are Doing

Innocent Men, Women and Courageous Police Officers Recently Sent to Their Graves Because Soft-Hearted Parole Boards Opened Their Prison Doors

Charged With Having Held Up a Saloon and Shot a Policeman, Harry Benner, With His Head Bandaged and His Checked Sweater Stained With His Own Blood, and Fred Scott, Paroled After Serving Part of His Sentence for Shooting Another Patrolman, Are Shown as They Arrived at the Police Station After the Wounded Officer and Another Policeman Had Captured Them.

ACME

Blond Anna King, a Cabaret Singer, Who Was Told to "Hit them keys, if you don't want to stop one," When Gunmen, Headed by a Paroled Convict, Held Up a Brooklyn Cafe, Killing One Man and Wounding Another.

Dressed in Expensive Furs, Blond-Haired Anna Pacale, Nineteen-Year-Old Wife of One of the Tony Garlans Gangsters, Hiding From Cameramen After Her Husband Was Arrested.

Florence Miller, One of the Girls Murdered by "Tony the Stinger" Cugino, Paroled Killer, Because He Thought She Might Testify Against Him.

NEARLY twenty men have been shot down in the last few days by the guns of ex-convicts [illegible] from the prisons by soft-hearted parole boards. If the parole [illegible] had left them [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] have [illegible].

A few days ago in New York [illegible] James [illegible] Conway [illegible] the [illegible] for two men who had held up a [illegible] and stolen $20 from the cash [illegible] caps cocked on one side of their heads, sitting in a parked car.

"Keep your hands where they are," he shouted. "I'm a policeman."

The answer was a blaze of gunfire and Conway fell to the ground badly [illegible]. The courageous policeman [illegible]

[illegible] Conway staggering [illegible] his [illegible] They [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] The squad [illegible] Another [illegible] another turn [illegible] corners [illegible] squad [illegible] then [illegible] the [illegible] car and [illegible] the bandits to [illegible] wall of a [illegible]

[illegible] policeman [illegible] guns [illegible] red the bat- [illegible] as they [illegible] out of [illegible]

[illegible] Fred [illegible] New York [illegible] paragraph so [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible] con- [illegible], only two [illegible] after serving [illegible] of a three-and-[illegible] year sentence [illegible] a policeman in a hold-up [illegible] arrests on his record [illegible] his youth had [illegible] convictions [illegible]

[illegible] tough guy who boasted [illegible] cops that get in [illegible] released from prison to try his [illegible] other policeman.' Benner [illegible] arrests [illegible] batting average.

A few days before that in Brooklyn [illegible] flashily dressed men [illegible] over their sallow faces [illegible] a cafe. Almost immediately [illegible] guns.

"[illegible] this is a stick-up," [illegible] shouted.

[illegible] his gun toward Anna [illegible] a [illegible] singer who was seated [illegible] cafe piano. "Hit them keys, [illegible] and keep right on singin' if you don't want to stop one right in that pretty mug of yours." The girl obeyed. Frightened customers and employes of the place were herded against the wall [illegible] two of the gunmen flicked their [illegible] over the crowd, one emptied [illegible] register, and another went [illegible] the pockets of the customers, [illegible] handbags from the women, [illegible] rings from their fingers, and [illegible] necklaces from their throats.

[illegible] the cafe was Isaac Shain, [illegible] years old, and his wife. Shain had never been in a saloon in his life. But he had a headache, and he thought a [illegible] might help it.

He didn't get the drink. He got [illegible]. When he walked into the place [illegible] of the gunmen yelled at him to raise his hands. Shain probably never saw the gun that killed him. He thought it was a joke.

"[illegible] on," he laughed, "you're kidding."

"[illegible] you whether we're kidding," snarled the leader, and his gun [illegible]. Shain fell dead. In the [illegible] that followed Mrs. Shain narrowly escaped death. Abraham Prop-[illegible]

[illegible] "Tough Tony" [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

[illegible] he was asked.

"What do you think, cop?" sneered the gunman. "You're damn right I've plugged some other guys. Plenty." And "Tough Tony" basked for a moment in the glory of his own savagery.

"I shot two in a joint on Sutter Avenue. I [illegible] slug into another. Then I shot a guy in a hold-up on Watkins Street. But I was doin' lousy. I only creased the punk."

And again, the newspapers carried the paragraph:

"'Tough Tony' was an ex-convict out on parole. He had been sentenced to prison and would not have been released until 1940 had it not been for the indulgent parole board that listened to his promises to be good. The other members of the gang had criminal records. They each netted $62 out of the hold-up and murder."

A few days later, also in New York, the body of Charles Matuna was found face-down in a gutter [illegible] home. Three bullets were found in his body. Police learned he had no criminal record of any sort. He was an honest citizen, who had never been arrested even on a petty charge—a [illegible]

[illegible] Pesditsch [illegible] It was [illegible] day."

"Pesditsch was released from the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane as cured, several years ago."

Three days after that Patrolman Henry Pinken of [illegible] of "Robber! Stop thief!" and saw two men, guns in their hands, running through crowded East Side streets. The patrolman drew his gun, but he didn't fire. There were too many lives that might be endangered by stray bullets.

But Irving Altes, one of the gunmen, didn't worry where his bullet might land, or who might be killed. He turned and fired at the policeman. The bullet went wild, but by some quirk of fate, struck no one in the crowd. Still, Officer Pinken held his fire, and finally, as the [illegible] Altes turned again to shoot [illegible] Pinken closed with him. In the struggle Altes was shot in the groin. He dropped to the sidewalk, all the fight gone out of him, groaning that he was dying. A few blocks away another patrolman captured his companion. They had held up a second-hand clothing store and obtained $64.

There was the usual newspaper paragraph:

"Altes had served terms for burglary and grand larceny and was released on parole just a few months ago."

Not long ago newspapers printed an article about "Tony the Stinger" Cugino. He was well named. No scorpion could have been more dangerous than Tony. The report mentioned that he had hung himself in his jail cell. It was lucky for society that he did, because not even a parole board could get him out of the morgue.

Tony had quite a background. He was sent to the reformatory, in New [illegible] 12, as incorrigible. By the time he was 15 he had stabbed a cellmate to death. He was an unruly child, the criminologists decided. But he got out of it by explaining that he had acted in self-defense, although he never did explain just how he happened to have a knife in his jail cell so handy to defend himself with.

By the time he was 19, "Tony the Stinger" had graduated through a series of suspended sentences for various deviltries into a 15-year prison sentence for a $21,000 diamond robbery in Baltimore, where the authorities apparently believed Tony had stretched his mischief too far. That was in 1929. He should have been in prison until 1944, but the parole board got to work, and "Tony the Stinger," killer, incorrigible, habitual criminal, was paroled [illegible] years after [illegible]

[illegible] Wallace and Zakofsky were. A few hours later Wallace, his body riddled with bullets, was found dead, a few miles from town. Zakofsky had seven bullets in him and [illegible] dead. But eventually he [illegible]

[illegible] Zakofsky [illegible] girl friends [illegible] and Ethel [illegible] he [illegible] up the girls, both of whom [illegible]

[illegible] guards placed there by the police who expected just such a [illegible]

Then Tony decided the [illegible] was too hot for him and went to Chicago with Serpa. They disagreed over something and Tony killed him with a single bullet through his brain.

[illegible] later [illegible] New York [illegible] shot and [illegible] Detective James Garvey when Garvey tried to arrest him. Then Tony became [illegible] up in counterfeiting [illegible] a falling [illegible] that source. So he shot and killed Musky Zuchi. Then there was a robbery in Washington in which Frank Wilson, a newspaper carrier, was killed. That was Tony's [illegible] work.

But eventually "Tony the Stinger" Cugino [illegible] He saved society the trouble by [illegible] strips from his shirt and hanging himself. Detectives [illegible] later that he had [illegible] a short [illegible] to [illegible]

[illegible] had been [illegible] and another [illegible] had barely escaped with his life. All had been shot by a man who should have been in the penitentiary until 1944. This was rather an exceptional record for the kindly parole outfit to have achieved.

In New York [illegible] a few days ago E. Walton Ford, an [illegible] and the son of a distinguished Virginia family was murdered in his hotel room by Walter Seymour, 19 years old, and Harry J. Martin, of the same age, who confessed they made $20 each by emptying the dead man's pockets.

There was the usual paragraph:

"Seymour was a paroled convict."

In San Francisco, in Chicago, in New Orleans and in Minneapolis—in every city in the country men, women and children are being robbed, attacked, kidnaped and killed by men sentenced by judges to be locked in prison cells.

But people are waking up to the absurdity of catching mad dogs and turning them loose to keep on biting. In Illinois legislative bills are being drafted to abolish the Parole Board and the present abuses of the system will be attacked in many States this Winter.

[illegible] Rights Reserved.

FREE! $10,700.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

FOR FAVORITE MEAT RECIPES...

Enter . . .

ARMOUR'S JUBILEE RECIPE CONTEST

Absolutely Free! Nothing to Buy! No Labels or Box Tops to Send In!

1 GRAND PRIZE	**$5000**
5 FIRST PRIZES	**$800 EACH**
5 SECOND PRIZES	**$100 EACH**
10 PRIZES	**$25 EACH**
25 PRIZES	**$10 EACH**

600 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

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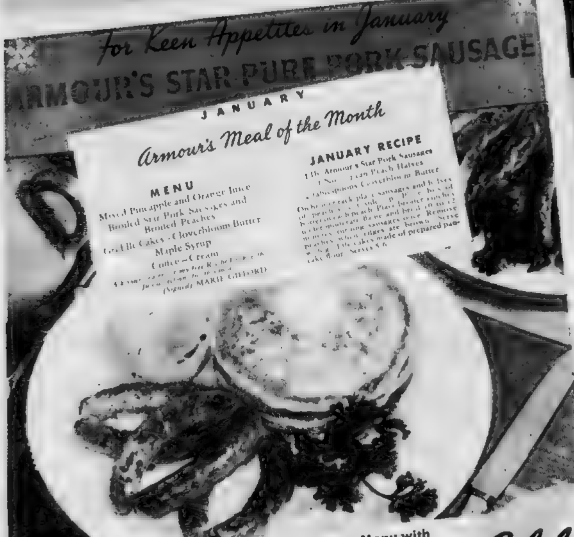
for Keen Appetites in January

ARMOUR'S STAR PURE PORK SAUSAGE

JANUARY

Armour's Meal of the Month

MENU

Mixed Pineapple and Orange Juice
Broiled Star Pork Sausages and
Broiled Peaches
Griddle Cakes - Cloverbloom Butter
Maple Syrup
Coffee—Cream
[illegible]
(Signed) MARIE GIFFORD

JANUARY RECIPE

1 lb. Armour's Star Pork Sausages
1 No. [illegible] can Peach Halves
[illegible] tablespoons Cloverbloom Butter
[illegible] Remove [illegible] Serve [illegible] cakes made of prepared pancake flour. Serves 6.

Marie Gifford of Armour's plans a delicious Winter Menu with Star Pork Sausage, Wheatcakes and Broiled Peaches—you'll like it!

★ The MEAL OF THE MONTH for January [illegible] meal [illegible] breakfast [illegible] Star Pure Pork [illegible] with high grade proteins that supply energy and warmth. It's utterly wholesome, too. Made in spotlessly clean kitchens [illegible] packed fresh and de[illegible] [illegible] Star Pure Pork Sausage from your [illegible] together with the [illegible] for the January MEAL OF [illegible] Ask for Marie Gifford's book [illegible]

Matchless flavor and freshness in Star Pure Pork Sausage

Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage is rich [illegible]

★ Here, Mrs. Housewife, is a wonderful opportunity to win one of 646 CASH PRIZES—and become famous for your cookery, too!

Armour and Company celebrates its 70th Anniversary by presenting to American housewives the BIGGEST PRIZE RECIPE CONTEST in Armour's history.

This generous offer is entirely free. You buy nothing, send in no labels or box tops. Simply follow the rules printed on this page. Send in your Entry Blank, together with your Favorite Recipe for one of these foods—CORNED BEEF HASH . . . PORK SAUSAGE . . . HAM . . . BACON . . . COLD MEAT PLATE. And write a letter of 200 words or less on your true experience in using the recipe. The contest will then be [illegible] awarded to the winners!

Armour and Company makes this [illegible] We cordially invite you all to join in this [illegible] Contest.

Your Favorite Recipe may become a Favorite American Dish

The purpose of this contest is to gather together the finest meat recipes used in homes today. Every woman has some cherished dishes, of which her family never tires. It may be a delicious Pork Sausage or Bacon or Ham dish which [illegible] loves so well. Perhaps [illegible] Cold Meat Plate [illegible] recipe for [illegible]

[illegible]

Send in your entry — NOW!

[illegible] write to ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Dept. A. W., Chicago.

Write Simple Everyday Letters

You need not be a great letter writer to win a prize. Entries will be judged on originality, interest and sincerity—not on fancy letter writing. Just write down the recipe and tell about it in your own words.

Celebrating

[illegible]

with

The Biggest FREE RECIPE Contest In Armour's History!

RULES FOR THE JUBILEE RECIPE CONTEST

Read and Follow These Rules Carefully

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]
7. [illegible]
8. [illegible]
9. [illegible]
10. [illegible]

[illegible]

You will want to try out your recipe with

ARMOUR'S QUALITY MEATS

STAR CORNED BEEF HASH
STAR PURE PORK SAUSAGE
STAR HAM ★ STAR BACON
STAR READY-TO-SERVE MEATS

Of course, you'll wish to try out your recipe before sending it in, so as to be sure of your proportions and ingredients. Armour's Quality Meats will bring out all the flavor and deliciousness of your Favorite Dish. Your dealer will supply you with Armour's Quality Meats.

If you wish to send in recipes for more than one product . . .

OBTAIN ADDITIONAL ENTRY BLANKS FROM YOUR DEALER

or write for Entry Blanks to Armour and Company, Dept. A. W., Chicago, Ill.

★ ★ ENTRY BLANK ★ ★

ARMOUR'S JUBILEE RECIPE CONTEST

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Dept. A. W.
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: I hereby enter Armour's Jubilee Recipe Contest. My recipe and letter are attached herewith.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ **State**__________

My Food Dealer's Name is ____________________

Address____________________

Write or Print PLAINLY—*Mail before midnight,* [illegible]

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

CELEBRATING OUR 70TH ANNIVERSARY AS PURVEYORS OF QUALITY FOODS

Three of Them

by Silvia Sunday

One Mother-in-Law Makes a Joke, but Three Make an Unusual Story. Complete in This Issue.

Peter Put an Arm Around Me and Said, "Sheila, darling, you are wanted upstairs. Don't come down until I call you."

I KNOW [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] get without any effort as [illegible] want to wreck our future. [illegible] extravagant hats!" Madame Lo- [illegible]

"Ernest was fond of borrowing from me—sometimes helping himself from my purse."

[illegible] but he always laughed. When we had been married nearly a year I had never asked him for any money or had any [illegible]

[illegible] Madrid brought him [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] she had no plans to spring on me about grandchildren.

Mummy Gray and Madame Lorenzo were not very [illegible]

(Continued on Page 20)

Extra Rich in the Bag

AND SAVES US MONEY—

PROUD OF IT—"I [illegible] little [illegible] *Dated* C[illegible] big." *Mrs. Harold Lasson* *New York City*

IN A POSITION TO KNOW—"I've [illegible] coffee [illegible] children's families. [illegible] one [illegible] brings [illegible] Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag. [illegible] economical [illegible] I wouldn't use any other coffee!"

Mrs. W. R. Teller
Boise, Idaho

REALLY STIMULATING—"I can truthfully say Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee has helped me win many a hand of tournament bridge. I'd be willing to pay high for such fresh, stimulating coffee [illegible]

Mrs. Constance Bertschmann, [illegible]

FUSSY HOUSEWIVES are enthusiastic about Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the money-saving bag.

They say it's richer, fuller flavored. That's because we make it from the world's choice coffees. Yet it's low priced. We can put it in an inexpensive bag because it's *guaranteed* fresh by our Dating Plan and rapid delivery system. Every bag is rushed to your grocer, and marked with the date of delivery—your protection against stale, rancid taste.

Try this fresher, mellower coffee! Buy an economical bag of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee tomorrow!

[illegible] Brands Inc.

NO "FRILLS" TO PAY FOR—[illegible] Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee [illegible]

James P. Farrell, Bronx, New York

KEEPS HER PEPPY—[illegible] & S[illegible] *Dated* C[illegible] less [illegible] big difference [illegible]

Miss Peggy Wallace
Cincinnati, Ohio

FAMILY DELIGHTED—"I d[illegible] for my family. They're delighted with Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee [illegible]

[illegible], N. J.

Challenge to Happiness

Maysie Grey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

S[illegible] [illegible] what she does.

CHAPTER XIII.

[illegible] Alton, Inc.

T[illegible]

[illegible] window at dawn. Ritzy, whose [illegible] an affair with Parry had her in almost a similar state, [illegible] soothed Sara and put her to bed with a hot-water bottle and a sleeping potion.

Awakening at last [illegible] the newspaper [illegible] through several [illegible] herself. [illegible] something fantastic about these accounts. They didn't [illegible]. She had a [illegible] as though the whole thing, Michael's marriage [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] to him. But that was because the plan he outlined answered that desperate cry within her.

"But, of course, we can't let your talent go to waste, Sara," he said and smiled across the table at her. "You've got to give up the factory job and give it up at once."

"But I've got to live, Tom," she pointed out with a faint laugh. "And even though the critics may have liked my designs I haven't been exactly swamped with offers from other fashion houses so far."

He pushed aside his plate and leaned across the table towards her.

"I'm making you an offer," he said. "I'm making it because I

Ritzy Smiled and Stretched Out Her Hand. "All the same, Peter, I like you," She Said, "and you can count on me."

[illegible] Sara Alton [illegible] How does that strike you?"

[illegible] she gave a [illegible] [illegible] haven't any capital."

[illegible] he pointed [illegible] "I want you to let [illegible] the necessary [illegible] that I know I'll get it back eventually."

"Thank you, Tom." She spoke very quietly. "But I don't think I can let you lend me all that money. I have no security to offer, no real guarantee that I will be a success."

"I don't want any security or any guarantee," he said impatiently. "That's how I do business, Sara. I back hunches and not one of my hunches has ever let me down yet. The strongest hunch I've had for a long time is the conviction that you're going to be a success."

She straightened slightly, the color rushed back into her cheeks. He spoke with such earnest conviction that she came to believe him; and wasn't that what she had [illegible] for a [illegible] dress shop of her own [illegible]

[illegible] with a faint [illegible]

"You're not worrying about the moral side of it, are you, Sara? [illegible] I assure you [illegible] I [illegible] doing this is pure amusement."

"Amusement!" she echoed and added, her color heightening, "You're sure it's only amusement, Tom?"

He nodded. "Yes, amusement. I'm not like a melodramatic villain, Sara. Even if you fail I'll never demand payment in full." He chuckled as though this were a good joke and she laughed too, because it did seem absurd to picture Tom in the guise of a melodramatic villain. "Well, what about it, Sara?"

"I—I don't know what to say," she stammered. "It does sound wonderful but it doesn't seem fair . . ."

"To me or to you, Sara?" he interrupted a shade harshly.

Her eyes opened wider. "Why, [illegible] of course, Tom. You are taking the risk. [illegible]"

[illegible] sudden a curious gleam in them.

She said a little breathlessly. "You're awfully sweet [illegible] Tom to suggest it at all."

"I want to help you," he said. "Then that's settled, eh?"

She hesitated one moment and then she said.

"Yes, Tom, that's settled, if it's all right with you."

One of his hands shot out across the table and gripped hers tightly.

"That's grand," he said. He beckoned the waiter. "We must have a bottle of champagne on this," he said and laughed. "I feel as excited as a schoolboy."

"I feel excited, too," she said slowly, and she did. A little sick with excitement. To open a dress shop of her own, to create all her own models! She had always planned that one day she would do just that, but she had never dreamed that she would be able to do it so soon.

She looked about her at the crowded restaurant and felt that everyone was smiling across at her wishing her luck. She would need luck and hard work and courage to put her shop across. She would need self-confidence, too. And perhaps that would be the most difficult of all to keep—her self-confidence. For she must—she must hang on to it with gritted teeth, with tightly clinging fingers no matter what happened. She couldn't think of failure. It wasn't as though she were gambling with her own money, she was gambling with Tom's, and if she failed she would have no way in which to repay him.

Suddenly she [illegible] frightened. It was hot in the restaurant, yet she shivered. But wasn't it ridiculous to feel afraid? As Tom had said, he was no villain stepped out of some old-fashioned melodrama. So she reassured herself.

The waiter had brought fresh glasses and filled them. Tom raised his [illegible] and she [illegible] wise.

[illegible] said [illegible] breath. "And to you and me, Sara, my darling, when the time comes."

• • •

Sara told Peter of Tom's proposal about the dress shop some days later. He had taken her to a show and they were having a drink afterwards in his apartment.

"I'm going to start a dress shop of my own, isn't it a thrill?" she remarked excitedly. "I'm going to create my own designs and the shop is to be called Sara Alton, Inc., though I don't know what the 'Incorporated' has to do with it."

[illegible] his [illegible] serious [illegible]

"What's putting up the money?" he asked sharply. [illegible]

A faint flush of [illegible] to her cheeks.

[illegible]

Why [illegible] million and one reasons why not. But since they are mainly old-fashioned reasons and you've probably considered them yourself and rejected them I won't waste your time. It's going to be pretty costly for him, isn't it?" And he added half under his breath: "And for you—if you fail."

Her color deepened. It had reached her small attractive ears.

[illegible] she said [illegible] wouldn't [illegible] anything [illegible] added [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] "Wouldn't he," he [illegible] either that he wouldn't be a darned fool if he didn't."

She drew her hands out of his angrily.

"Shut up, Peter," she said. "I'm not going to listen [illegible] because you're like that yourself."

"But every man is like that" [illegible] gently. [illegible] those stupid [illegible]

[illegible] against the mantelshelf. The dancing firelight threw golden-gray shadows across her face that was [illegible] Peter thought, a pity she had so many foolish ideas.

"But Tom only likes me as a friend," she told him.

"You think so?"

"I know so." She spoke with confidence, for she must believe that. If she didn't believe it everything [illegible] possible [illegible] It had been essential to her that she should open the gown shop. She couldn't bear to give up the idea now. Why should she, she asked herself angrily. [illegible] Peter was saying [illegible]

Tom was considerably older than she. He had unlimited money and if he liked to risk some of it in this venture why should she worry?

Peter, too, had risen to his feet. He put his hand on her arm, drawing her a little towards him.

"Please don't [illegible] this venture, Sara," he said. "I like you too well to want you to."

"But I want to," she insisted. She stamped a small satin-shod foot impatiently. "Don't you see, Peter, it's my big chance? If I don't take it I'll never amount to anything. I'll go on designing gingham dresses in a cheap factory all my life."

"You won't," he said. "Look here, Sara, let me help you. A cousin of mine, Lady Fanshawe, has a shop in New York, just off Fifth Avenue. I'll write her. She [illegible] sort of job there [illegible] he a beginning."

[illegible] such a very new [illegible] Peter," she protested [illegible] "It's awfully kind of you [illegible] grateful [illegible] years [illegible] However [illegible] I never be able to [illegible] out on my [illegible]

[illegible] face, then flooded it again.

"I shall never marry, Peter," she said in a small stifled voice.

"Rot!" he said angrily. "You don't mean to tell me you're going to moon over that dud playwright all your life?"

"Peter Willard, I hate you!" she said. "How dare you talk that way about Michael?"

He laughed bitterly. "What you [illegible] Funny [illegible] laughed again [illegible]

[illegible]

He went after her and caught her arm.

[illegible] back Sara [illegible] We say [illegible] Michael [illegible] thing that is perfect [illegible] and [illegible] and leave it at that."

"After all," Sara defended, "his play is a success now. It only shows that people don't care what the critics say. [illegible] that they are, too."

He let that pass, knowing as she knew in her heart that but for the publicity of [illegible] Michael's wedding the play [illegible] a week.

[illegible]

[illegible] "I do say anything you get all worked up and flounce out of the room," he reminded [illegible]

[illegible] I don't [illegible]

He drew her down onto the couch beside him.

"What do you want to listen to, Sara?" he asked quietly. "I could tell you things that you might not want to listen to them, either. I could tell you, for instance, that I like you tremendously. I could tell you that I like you so [illegible] that I've a feeling you're going to upset the plan I've laid down for my life.

"I could tell you, too, that I've always hated girls with your color hair before, but now I think it's the only color hair for a girl to have. I pity black-haired women and fairhaired ones, even those with red hair - and red hair was always a passion of mine. I could tell you that at times I want to put you across my knee and spank you for being such a foolhardy, stupid child, and at other times I want to put my arms around you and kiss you. Would you like me to kiss you?"

She said, "No, Peter," but it was too late, he had already kissed her. He kissed her warm red lips and though she fought against him she found she didn't really mind his kisses. It's not that I love him in any way, she thought, but it's nice to feel that a man wants to kiss you, that is if he's attractive. He kissed her again, smiled and said:

"Are you still angry with me, Sara?"

"[illegible] as I was before [illegible]

(Continued on Page 19)

(right) "MY SKIN'S SENSITIVE" Cold weather chaps my [illegible] legs. Watery lotions don't smooth [illegible] Hinds isn't watery. Full bodied and creamy, [illegible] good. Its richer skin-softeners soak rough [illegible] faster. Chapped knuckles and stinging [illegible] get quick comfort. Scuffed heels, that [illegible] stocking [illegible], soften up overnight. Hinds is a [illegible] Now contains Vitamin D that is absorbed [illegible] dry skin [illegible] seems to smooth it out fast.

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STIFF, SORE MUSCLES

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH BAUME "BEN-GAY"

By "Arizona Bill," Daredevil Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Double Page.)

Palace Cafe." He had to keep up his shooting practice, but did not want to stay away from his beloved and liked to show her how good he was with a gun. So he used to look into the kitchen and shoot an egg out of Mrs. Leslie's hand or into the bedroom when she was fixing her hair and shoot the curling iron out of her fingers. But she didn't like these attentions, so she ran away and married a bricklayer, about the only man in town who did not carry a gun.

It almost broke Buckskin's heart, but he recovered and turned his affections to Diamond Annie, a pretty girl who was so popular in Tombstone's red-light district that she was able to plaster herself all over with diamonds. Diamond Annie fell sick, feared she had tuberculosis, and Buckskin persuaded her to go away and live with him on his ranch in the mountains. They were giving a party there one day to a few friends when the whisky gave out and Buckskin had to ride into town to get some more. When he came back he found his sweetheart and Jim Hughes, another well-known gunfighter, acting in a way that didn't suit him.

Buckskin killed Diamond Annie with one shot and put another in Hughes's chest. Hughes lay as if dead and Leslie, believing he had killed him, sat down to his liquor. In time Leslie was convicted of killing Diamond Annie and sentenced to a long term in the Yuma Penitentiary, but was pardoned after he had served four years, as it was felt that he had had great provocation and women were no longer so scarce.

Tombstone society liked to gather of an evening at the "refined" vaudeville house, known as the Bird Cage Theatre. Its plush-draped boxes were filled every night with a crowd of richly dressed men and women drinking champagne. There was a bar at the front and a horseshoe of curtained upper boxes around the walls; painted women in scanty costumes sang touching ballads of home and mother on the stage and then hurried to the boxes where they used their charms to swell the receipts of the bar and received a rake-off on every bottle of champagne they could make their admirers buy.

One thing those women of the Wild West should get credit for is that the worst of them were more modest than ones that call themselves decent today. Big-Nose Kate, though her face was nothing to boast about, is said to have had a figure that would have evened things up, if she had shown it. But Kate would have blown the head off anybody who tried to make her appear in public naked as a savage, the way you see them on the beaches these days.

A person has to know this to understand what a lot of excitement was kicked up by Prairie Rose in Ellsworth City, Kansas, one of the liveliest cow towns of the seventies. One night in a saloon Prairie Rose made a bet of $50 with a cowboy that she would walk down Main Street the next day without a stitch of clothing on. She made good and won her bet, but the street was deserted at the appointed hour and it is doubtful if many saw her except the referee and stakeholder.

Rose was known as a dead shot and carried a Colts in each hand on that walk. Any "Peeping Tom" would probably have gotten drilled between the eyes and no sympathy would have been wasted on his remains. The town always was proud of Rose, calling her the "Lady Godiva of the Plains." Even today a few old fellows like me remember her with admiration. Her deed has been recorded by Professor F. B. Streeter of the Kansas State Teachers College. He didn't know Rose but he got his facts from a lot of us old-timers that did know her.

Many of these women had more influence than a modern politician and could be a powerful friend or enemy. But, as I look back on those wonderful old days I am surprised at how restrained the women were about making trouble unless they had good reasons to meddle.

While riding for the Pony Express I was so proud of my job that I'd almost have laid my life down rather than lose it and I almost did. They sent me up to Salt Lake City one time to buy some supplies and the first thing I did was to go into a bar connected with a dance hall. It wasn't that I needed refreshment, but because I had to see a man. Of course, you might accidentally find a man at his place of business or residence, but whether you wished to do ordinary business or shoot him, you looked in the saloon first. As I stepped in I saw the famous Faro Nell sitting there, pretty as a picture, between two cowboys. Like everybody else I looked at her with admiration but her indifferent eye hardly saw me at all.

At the bar somebody asked me if I had had any trouble with the Indians and I told him briefly about finding one of the agents scalped and rescuing his sister. Just before I finished the story I stopped because I saw somebody coming at me from behind. Some men today don't know why they put mirrors behind bars. The mirror is so the drinker can see who is behind him and what he is doing. A bar without a mirror wouldn't have had many customers out West.

In the mirror I saw Faro Nell, pop-eyed, leave those two cowboys and come straight for me, hot-foot. She didn't know me but, as I have said, a scout always suspects everybody. So I spun around to be ready for trouble. Nell stuck her pretty face right up to mine and said:

"Stranger, tell that all over again. Begin at the beginnin' and don't leave out nothin'."

I did and she asked plenty of questions. It was her sister I had saved and their only brother I had buried. Women are funny. Sometimes the more you do for them the less they think of you. Then again if something hits them right, they'll die for you. Well, I could see that my standing with Nell had risen from nothing to quite some height, and so could the cowboys that Nell wouldn't even talk to any more.

I watched them in the back-bar mirror, scowling and growling, getting drunker and more jealous all the time. At last one of them couldn't stand it any longer. He knew better than to criticize a woman, but it might be all right to work on me. He lurched over, knocked my hat off and pulled down my hair which I always wore uncut and plaited. Also he called me things.

He didn't seem to have any gun on him so with one hand I ripped the shirt off his back and with the other punched him on the chin. He went down hard and got up slowly and Nell laughed. At that he pulled a knife and I was in a fix. If I shot a man without a gun, in a brawl of this sort, I would lose my express job, according to the strict rules of the company. Yet, if I didn't he would throw the knife and probably kill me. I hesitated a fatal second while he steadied himself to take aim.

Just then a gun barked twice beside me, as Faro Nell put two bullets into the cowboy's chest. I remember they made two blue spots in the skin but he only staggered and up went the hand with the knife. Nell put two more into his stomach and down he went to stay.

Nell had a face as cool and peaceful as Pike's Peak, but what a temper when she got mad! That girl shot a whisky glass out of the hand of the dead man's friend, splintered the mirror with a couple of bullets, ran the bartender out from behind his bar, made him dance and finally shot the heels off his boots. I didn't see why she punished the barkeep and asked her afterward. Nell said:

"I allus knew I'd have trouble with that coyote. Look at the shape of his head."

It was a small head over a thick neck and the skull rose almost to a point. Still it wasn't much reason for shooting his heels off. But what followed showed that she was right. He needed to be softened up.

I thanked Nell for saving my life. She smiled prettily as she said she hoped to do lots more than that for me. By this time there was nobody in the place except the dead man, Nell and me and the bartender who was trying to put his heels back on. As usual everybody else had faded away and Nell started cleaning her two guns. And, by the way, that's why Mexicans never were much good with guns—they didn't clean them. Just then in walked "Primrose" Johnson who was some sort of peace officer and asked Nell if she had killed the man.

"Sure," said Nell, "he insulted this young Pony Express rider. He is a friend of mine and that stuff don't go here."

"Do you know who I am?" Johnson demanded sternly.

"No," Nell answered, "and I don't care. This is our little party. Stay out or be carried out."

While she was talking, in walked "Blue Nose" Williams, a deputy marshal with a reputation for being harsh and bad. He used to brag that he didn't care for man, God, or even woman. Pointing at the dead cowboy, the marshal said:

"How did this corpse come here? Who is responsible for this?"

"I think it's a lady's place to defend a friend when he is in danger," said Nell.

"That doesn't answer my question," said the marshal.

I spoke up and said the lady had saved me from being killed.

"Look here," said the marshal, "if there is any explaining to do, you can do it in jail, for that's where you are going."

"No," said Nell. "You won't take me nor this kid to jail for acting in self-defense."

She spun around and nudged him sharply in the side with the end of her gun and said:

"And if you're not satisfied, you can take the same route as the man on the floor."

Then turning to me she said, "Quick. Cover him with your gun." I did so in a hurry because I knew her guns were empty.

"Now," said Nell, "we'll sit down and talk this over and settle if anybody should go to jail," as she loaded her Colts. "That bartender saw the whole thing just as it happened, grab him and he can do a lot of explaining."

The bartender was a fat fellow called Dutch Johnson and I brought him over and forced him into a chair with my gun as a persuader. He was scared and gun-shy and said at first, "I know noddings." I prodded him with my gun and said, "Yes, you do, you coyote. You know plenty. Start talking before I bore you with my gun. Tell what you know and don't lie or I'll see if I can shoot through you and hit the deputy over there."

With this encouragement Dutch told what had happened and the marshal said he was satisfied that the proceedings had been legal and proper. Really he didn't much like the idea of trying to arrest a mountain lioness like Faro Nell.

Nell invited me to have something to eat and we went to the establishment well-known as the Mother Grimes Hash House. On the way over Nell told me she had a good friend who ramrodded with the Bar G outfit. "He happens to be one of the Gardner clan from Kaintuck, or Tennessee. Aren't you from the same family?" When I told her that I was, she was more than ever pleased to meet me.

Mother Grimes was a buxom frontier woman who always kept her gun handy in the bosom of her dress. She met us with her arms covered with flour, her sleeves rolled up to the elbows and explained that she was mixing bread.

"Excuse me. I can't offer you my paw to shake just now," she said. "Nell, get some supper for yourself and this young gentleman."

They arrested Nell for murder before I got out of town; Blue Nose Williams, the deputy marshal employing a braver man to do the job. But she was willing to be tried by this time. I stayed to tell my story and, of course, she was acquitted. Then Johnson Gardner, who was a distant kin of myself, offered us a chance at the Bar G Ranch. He said, "Stay with me and help trap some 'bar' and panther and ride the range."

I looked at Nell and said, "You bundle up your little calico belongings and come along."

We were ten days traveling to the ranch. It was surprising to see how nice and refined Nell was becoming. She had taught school back in the East in better days and you could hardly believe that she had changed into Faro Nell, the quick-shooting wildcat. Out of her dance-hall clothes and in refined costume she looked like a lady. I stayed up there on the ranch for over a year, punching cows and range-riding. Then I took my little stake and, as Nell was growing too fond of home life, I started out again and left her. We wrote letters to each other for a time and the last I knew of Nell she was in Paradise, California.

Poker Alice was another wom-

(Continued on Page 20)

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Every man wants to stay young... but when a fellow's head looks like the great American desert...well, it's a tough assignment for the barber to cut it "College Style".

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SOAP AND OINTMENT

Challenge to Happiness by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 18)

she conceded, but reluctantly.

He laughed. "That's why I'd rather argue with a woman than a man."

"You still intend to go through with this venture?" he asked later that same night when he was driving her home.

"Certainly," she said.

He stared straight ahead at the roadway before commenting:

"I suppose it's the danger that really appeals to you. A platitude, but it's true. Women are never so happy as when they're playing with fire. All right, go ahead, I'll do my best to protect you."

"No one asked you to protect me," she told him indignantly. "I'm quite capable of taking care of myself."

He turned towards her. "You think so? I don't. But we won't quarrel about it. We've quarreled enough for one night and," he added with a chuckle, "I don't want to have to kiss you again!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Parry Is Jealous.

SOME nights later, finding himself in the vicinity of the Leopard Club, Peter decided to drop in and have a chat with Ritzy. He was worried about Sara and was angry with himself because he was worried.

He hadn't seen Sara since that night he had taken her to a show and afterwards they had talked in his apartment. He had phoned her up several times and although she seemed quite cheerful and chatty she refused to meet him; she said she hadn't time. She was so busy over arrangements for the opening of the gown shop.

"But the evenings?" he protested. "Heavens, woman, you can't be working in the evenings as well."

"I am," she said. "It's in the evenings we go into the business side of it."

"We?" He caught her up sharply, rather too sharply. She resented it.

"But, of course," she told him. "Tom and I are in this thing together and it's necessary to go into the business details in the evenings."

"Is it."

"If you go on talking in that strain I'll hang up on you, Peter," she said crossly.

"Oh, very well," he returned. "I'll see you some time in the not-too-distant future."

"I hope so," she said. "But I'm going away for a few days at the end of the week."

"You're going away!" he echoed. "Where are you going to?"

"New York," she said. "Goodby, Peter. I really must rush now."

And Peter found himself staring at a receiver which was useless since the connection was dead. He jammed it down on the stand. "You can go to Timbuctoo for all I care," he shouted angrily. "That's the end of you and me, Miss Sara Alton!"

Yet, on the very next night he was climbing the stairs that led to the Leopard Club.

When he arrived Ritzy was sitting at a table by herself sucking a pink-colored drink through a straw and looking bored. Every now and then she glanced towards Parry Hinton, who was conducting the dance band. He was tall, nice-looking and blond.

Sometimes he played the saxophone, at other times the banjo, and between whiles he crooned through the microphone. He had an attractive crooning voice and had ambitions to get into the movies.

Ritzy saw Peter coming, and sauntered over to the table to which the manager had ushered him.

"Just my luck," she muttered. "He would come the night I've got on the old gold dress!"

"Why, hello, Mr. Willard," she said aloud. "Nice of you to look me up. Are you looking me up, by the way, or am I merely incidental?"

"I am looking you up," he told her with a grin. "Why else do you think I'd have come to this club?"

She grinned, too.

"I just had an idea," she said, "that you might have come to learn about Sara. You know, you men aren't very deceptive when you're—in love."

Peter started and stiffened. His thin, intelligent face whitened, then it colored.

"Darn it all, I think you're right," he growled out. "How on earth did you know? I didn't know it myself until this very moment."

She laughed. "I'd say it was woman's famous intuition if you hadn't had it written all over you."

"Did I?" he grinned sheepishly, and ran a hand through his fair hair. "And I always thought I'd be the last man to show it if I ever did come a cropper. Funny the ideas one has about oneself."

Ritzy agreed with him and felt a little disquiet suddenly.

"We all kid ourselves, don't we?" she said.

"Love makes everything so damnably complicated," he growled.

"You're telling me!" She laughed a trifle shrilly. "You came to talk about Sara, eh?"

"I did," he said, "though I wouldn't have admitted it."

She smiled. "That's the difference between men and women. We admit things like that. Men don't unless they're forced to. But waiving all that aside, I gather you're not too pleased about this 'Sara Alton, Inc.' business?"

He beckoned the waiter and ordered fresh drinks.

"I'm worried about it, Ritzy," he said and added with a smile: "You don't mind my calling you Ritzy? I've heard Sara call you Ritzy so often it's hard to call you Miss Mason."

"I'm Ritzy here," she told him. "No one ever calls me anything else."

He leaned further across the table towards her.

"What do you think of Tom Grierson?"

She considered it a moment as she put a cigarette in a long painted wooden holder.

"He's a bit of an enigma, isn't he?" she said presently. "Tall, gaunt, son of the soil, finds gold on his patch of land and becomes a millionaire. He turns his back on the soil and seeks diversion in the big city. He dabbles in theatrical ventures and backs Ursula's plays. I always thought he must be in love with her, but apparently not. He wouldn't have let her marry Michael Fenton if he had been."

"He wouldn't have let her?" Peter caught her up.

She nodded. "That's what I said. He's that type of man. I should say that once he took you under his wing it wasn't your own life you were living but the life he wanted you to live."

"That's what I think," Peter said eagerly. "And I don't want Sara to live any other life but her own."

She shrugged. "No girl lives her own life, Mr. Willard. She lives the life of the man she's in love with. Formerly Sara had been living Michael's life, thinking of him day and night, planning for him, arranging things for him; then suddenly she finds

(Continued on Page 20)

Scientists learned one secret of Skin Beauty from the Sun!

... and today your skin can be lovelier because Woodbury's famous formula now contains "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D

WHAT woman does not treasure Woodbury's Facial Soap as an aid to skin beauty? You've heard how a famous skin specialist evolved this beauty formula—how Woodbury's won sensational success in the International Half-face Tests.

This is the soap, the same beloved Woodbury's, that now brings some of the benefits of Sunshine to your wash cloth, in the form your skin can use best . . . "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D.

For a Fine Complexion and All-over Loveliness

Has your skin become sallow, subject to blemishes and open pores? Then here's how to make your complexion, all your skin, come alive with smoother texture and clearer tone. Wash and bathe with Woodbury's Facial Soap every day. Its gentle balms and oils rid the skin of dust, clogging wastes and dead, dry cells. And as you use this soap, your skin absorbs from Woodbury's lather its invigorating "Filtered Sunshine" Vitamin D element. Skin faults soon fade and disappear under faithful care with Woodbury's.

Try this delightful soap tomorrow! When you look for a lovelier complexion in your mirror a few weeks hence . . . you'll find it!

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"FOLLOW THE MOON," with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, every afternoon, Mon. to Fri., NBC Network.

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This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS
30¢ 60¢
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA
Be Wise— Alkalize
NO HEADACHES SPOIL OUR SHOPPING DAYS, THANK GOODNESS WE ARE WISE
LIKE OTHERS, WE HAVE FOUND IT PAYS — TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
HEADACHE
IF AFTER-DINNER MISERY CREEPS IN TO CAUSE US WOE
A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER IS THE FINEST THING WE KNOW
SOUR STOMACH
I WISH I KNEW JUST WHAT YOU DO — TO KEEP BAD COLDS AWAY
I'LL PUT YOU WISE — I ALKALIZE — THE ALKA-SELTZER WAY
COLDS
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Three of Them

One Mother-in-Law Makes a Joke, but Three Make an Unusual Story. Complete in This Issue.

By Silvia Sunday

(Continued from Page 16)

everything to you. This will be a poor makeshift."

"I always thought you were meant to be a soldier's wife, darling," dear Mummy Gray said. "My poor boy was your first, your deepest and eternal love. Ah, youth, youth with dew on it! Nothing like those precious hours can ever come again!"

"They were only hours," I reminded her.

"You won't put me out of your life, will you, darling?" Mummy Gray asked, wistfully.

I promised I would not, of course.

Both she and Madame Lorenzo came to see me married, early one morning and very quietly. I thought Madame Lorenzo's beady eyes looked rather unpleasantly at Peter as she rushed forward and embraced me. Mummy Gray was crying softly in a back pew, and she did not greet us. Peter's mother smiled at us happily as she waved us off on our Cornish holiday.

* * *

WE had a comfortable house, the ground floor given up to Peter for consulting rooms, X-Ray machines, and so forth. I was terribly happy, a novice at housekeeping, but thoroughly enjoying it.

But there was a good deal of mother-in-law about. I was so frightened they would all come at once that I seemed to be always asking one or the other to come to tea, partly because one of them or the other was for ever ringing me up. Especially at anniversaries!

It became a real strain. And then one day the three of them met in my drawing-room.

At the beginning they were all very stiff. Then they began to talk, quicker and quicker and more and more heatedly—discussing their sons.

I tried to stop them, and I tried to get them to go, and they simply went on and on, and would not go!

I felt very nervous and inclined to cry, but they were absorbed in themselves and seemed to have forgotten me.

"Sheila was to call her baby George, or Georgiana, after our dear Gogo," said Mrs. Gray. "There is no love like the first love." She let a tear fall.

"It was nothing, so soon over. No, my Ernest was her intellectual and spiritual mate. There were no heights in the Diplomatic Service to which Ernest could not have risen," Madame Lorenzo insisted in a high, angry voice. "And Sheila was so devoted to him. Nothing broke their intimacy. My boy was so handsome, such delightful manners——"

"I feel that Peter has made a wise choice in a woman who has had some experience," broke in Peter's gentle mother.

"Naturally, her child, if she has one, will be named after the dear husband she lost so tragically at the height of his career," Madame Lorenzo said. "Sheila, if you ever have a baby you will naturally think of Ernest?"

I felt hysterical, but there was no need to answer; the three heads bent towards each other and three voices rose and fell, a triple strand of chatter, no one stopping to listen.

The door opened and Peter stood there, silent, listening.

"Dear Sheila loved those pilgrimages with me to France. We will go again some day. I know that she treasures many pictures and souvenirs of my Gogo, killed when he was only twenty-four!" said Mrs. Gray. She was sobbing by this time.

"My Ernest lies in Budapest, and we must together see that his grave is kept in order," murmured Madame Lorenzo, looking at me. "Dear Sheila, you must have so many love letters, so many exquisite souvenirs of those perfect times. The heyday of your life!"

Actually, I had burnt all the reminders I had ever had of Ernest, and had kept only a small photograph of Gogo in his uniform.

I began to realize that I hated Ernest's mother, who had followed us about so persistently and who insisted on his perfections and was always talking of his goodness and devotion to me.

And I was sick to death of Mummy Gray: "No morbid living in the past..." The voice of Peter's mother came to my ears. Then Peter stepped forward and I felt his comforting arm round me. He said: "Sheila, darling, you're wanted upstairs. Don't come down till I call you, dear." And he pushed me out of the room. And he said: "Mother, there's a 'phone call for you. Do you mind answering it in the surgery?" And she was hurried out of the room.

Afterwards he told me how he disposed of the other two. He led Mrs. Gray firmly to the door and said to her: "I am sorry we won't be seeing you again for so long, but Sheila will write later and let you have our new address up in Yorkshire. Yes, it is a surprise for her, but it is time I took her away. She is my wife and I propose to take care of her!"

And he pushed her gently out of the front door, and I have never seen her since that day. I wrote a few times, but soon after she went to her daughter in Kenya, who has a baby called George, and now we exchange Christmas cards, and that is all.

Peter told Madame Lorenzo that she must never try to see me again and that he was sure she knew that Ernest married me because she told him I had money, and that he had never been faithful to me. He had stolen my things for the soldier's wife he had picked up years before in Gibraltar, the woman he really cared for as much as he could for anyone, and who was the mother of his two children! He did not spare her much. He told her that Ernest had made me desperately unhappy and ill, and that he had insulted me by always having that woman and her children wherever he went.

And next day Peter pleasantly broke the news to his mother that he had taken her passage to Australia, so that she could spend a year or more with her two darling elder sons who weren't married and who needed her!

Then Peter took me in his arms and said: "Sheila, my poor darling, your long and honorable career as a daughter-in-law is over forever!"

Life is simply lovely with no-in-laws to bother about me and my past! The baby I was expecting turned out to be twins, a boy and a girl, two enchanting babies as can be.

But let big Margaret laugh as much as she likes. Peter and I never can think any mother-in-law joke one bit funny!

The End.

By "Arizona Bill," Pioneer of the Old Wild West

(Continued from Page 19)

an card player of the old pioneer days. She wasn't a professional, but she played a better game than lots of the professional tinhorn gamblers. When a girl of only twelve years her career as a gambler commenced. She took to dealing cards and at forty-eight she was still going strong the last time I saw her.

She was wonderful in faro bank, as well as playing a strong hand of poker and that's how she got the name, Poker Alice, which she carried well. This love for cards became a habit in her life which she could not throw off. She always played and loved an exciting game of poker. But it had to be square.

Faro bank was a part of her life and she was the winner of many a big pot. If she lost after playing all night she would laugh and say, "All right, boys, tomorrow night I'll have better luck." If she won she was always ready to stake the loser. She was a real sport.

The largest jack-pot Poker Alice ever won that I remember hearing about was one of $10,000, but it didn't shake Alice one bit. The game was in Deadwood and the story was only told to me. Alice was heavily in debt and at the close of the game she went right around and paid up everybody she owed. It took all she had made and when everything was cleared up she had just enough left to buy her breakfast.

Alice never broke a promise. That was one of her strongest points and made everybody like her. Even the warriors of Sitting Bull going through Deadwood stopped at her place knowing that here they would find a friend they could trust, and she fed them when they were hungry. She grub-staked many an old desert rat prospector and helped them in all kinds of ways.

Poker Alice was quite a business woman. She ran a dance hall and her dance-hall girls had the best she could provide. They would lay down their lives for her if needs be. She was known the length and breadth of the West and nobody had a word to say against her.

In addition to her card ability Alice was a wonderful entertainer. She could throw any kind of entertainment from horse-racing to the riding of wild range-cattle. She was a wonderful horse-woman and could handle a cayuse better than many of the cowboys.

Connected with her dance hall were gambling rooms where everything ran smoothly. The game had to be on the square; no trick cards or cheating were tolerated by Alice. She paid a visit to Dodge City one time and told Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp what she thought of crooked gambling that was going on there. Even the chief gambler of the town came in for a piece of her mind and she told him she would show him poker the way it should be played.

"In my neck of the woods everything is run on the square," she said. "You would do well to come up to Deadwood and learn how to play an honest game."

The strangest thing about her to me was that in spite of her public life she had a streak of real religion. She closed down on Sunday her dance hall and gambling rooms and everyone who worked for her was expected to go to church. Every other place was wide open on Sunday and it was a good day to do business, but she had her own notions of right and wrong and she lived up to them. Poker Alice herself taught a Sunday School class and she was well posted on what was in the Bible, I can tell you. Sometimes she held religious services in her gambling rooms.

Besides closing her place she made her dance-hall girls put on a more Christian-like manner on the Sabbath and dress plainer.

"I believe in resting on Sunday and working like hell for the devil the rest of the week," she told me once. I reckon those were honest words. Some people I know work for the devil all seven days of the week.

Poker Alice drifted out to Colorado with her husband, who was killed in a mine explosion, and the widow turned to gambling to try to make a living. Men didn't like seeing a woman around the gambling tables and wouldn't play with her. But one night she rigged up in rough khaki like a miner, stuck a long thin cigar in her mouth, and puffing clouds of smoke, sat down at a table and bought some chips. That suited the rough crowd and no further objection was made to her. Afterwards she was never without her cigar.

There was always a Colts hanging at her belt, but she only used it three times that I ever heard of. Once was to save her husband, Tubbs, that she married after the death of her first husband, when he was attacked by a man with a knife. The next time was when she suspected a faro dealer of cheating. She had lost a thousand dollars, and watching him closely, found he was tampering with the box. She got her money back.

Alice had a place at Sturgis, and a good many soldiers used to come in from the nearby military post, Fort Meade. Her gun kept order most of the time, but one night when she tried to collect from a soldier for some money he owed her a row started. When the smoke of battle cleared away one soldier lay dead at her feet and two others were wounded. Alice was tried and acquitted of justifiable homicide.

In her old age she took sick and the doctors told her that she would sure die unless she had an operation, and there was a slim chance even at that. "I've faced bigger odds than that," said Alice, and she went to the hospital—and lost.

There was one crime so bad that it was reckoned to be wrong even when a woman did it—horse stealing. When Marshal Heck Thomas was trying to round up the Doolin gang, he sent me from Fort Sill to capture alive a couple of lady cattle and horse thieves, known as "Cattle Annie" and "Little Breeches," who were working for the gang. Heck said that he had almost, but not quite, caught Annie. When somebody asked if he didn't feel disappointed that he couldn't get any closer, he replied:

"Oh, I dunno, look at these."

These were three bullet holes Annie had made in his ten-gallon hat. That lady had five notches on her gun and Little Breeches was just as dangerous. An Indian can never believe that any sort of squaw would be hard to kill and even old Geronimo, famous Apache chief, a prisoner at the fort, offered to get them and scalp them, too. But there was some notion that Geronimo might forget to come back.

I took a couple of his sons, who were so serious about scalping the girls, that when we began to get near I had to explain that the commander of the fort was aiming to have that honor himself. Steve Burke, U. S. Marshal and fighting parson, joined us with a man named Tilghman, at the last minute.

It is always easy to trail women because their feet are smaller and shaped different. But when we found we had surrounded them in a little cabin we weren't so gay about how we were going to get them out alive and stay alive too. At last we tried a little trick on them. Lying low beside the window and door, we had the Indians go a long way off and then return making plenty of noise. The girls wakened in the middle of the night from a sound sleep and scrambled out thinking the pursuit was a long ways off.

Parson Burke threw his arms around Annie and though he got his face scratched up pretty bad, managed to get hold of her gun and capture her. Tilghman and I did the same for Little Breeches who clawed us quite a bit too. And weren't they mad to be captured that easily! They were sent to a Massachusetts reformatory for a few years. Little Breeches died soon after she came out, but Annie lived long and respectably in Oklahoma. It was one case where a reformatory really reformed a very tough lady.

Yes, life would have been pretty dull on the old frontier without the always interesting and occasionally refining influence of woman.

Next week I will tell you about the hardest fighter and quickest shooter I ever saw, and how a dirty rat shot him in the back of the head—no badman dared face him with a gun.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Challenge to Happiness by *Maysie Greig*

(Continued from Page 19)

herself at a loose end. In a way this proposed gown shop is a blessing. It takes her mind off Michael's marriage. I think on the whole I'm in favor of it."

"But look here, Ritzy," Peter expostulated, "she's borrowing a lot of money from Grierson. She's putting herself a great deal in his debt. Of course, if he feels only friendship towards her it's all right."

Ritzy laughed outright. "I've an idea it isn't only friendship he feels for her."

"Then, don't you see, she can't possibly take so much from him?" he began.

"I don't see why not," she interrupted. "Girls have to take what they can get these days if they're going to get on. And I expect things will work out all right so long as Sara doesn't fall in love with him. And even if she did," she smiled brightly, too brightly, "how are we to know that he isn't going to do right by our little Nell?"

"You think he'd marry her?"

"Why not?"

"No," Peter repeated slowly after her, "why not?" But suddenly the very thought of it made him feel sick. The glass of Scotch-and-seltzer swam before his eyes. He could see his hand was trembling as he reached out to grasp it. He didn't want her to marry anyone but himself. "But supposing it isn't marriage he's after?" he said at last.

She shrugged again. "Then it's up to Sara. He's a millionaire. She could feather her nest pretty nicely, even if it only lasted a fairly short while."

"I'd see him dead first," Peter growled.

She raised her eyebrows.

"My dear Mr. Willard, you are stepping out of character tonight. Can it be the cynical, sophisticated Mr. Peter Willard talking?" Suddenly she smiled in a very genuine fashion and stretched out her hand to him. "All the same, Peter, I like you," she said, "you can count on me."

He grasped her hand and squeezed it.

"That's nice of you, Ritzy." He added presently: "Sara told me she was going to New York for a few days. Is Grierson going too?"

"I don't know," she said. "Sara is going to visit the model houses and see the dress shows. Maybe Grierson is tagging along to play god-papa to her."

"Is he!" Peter said. Momentarily his blue eyes blazed and then darkened.

"I think," she commented with a laugh, "they'll be quite safe in New York. Broadway and all its wicked lights—it puts you on your guard. It's when everything is innocent and beautiful and like mother's best parlor at home that the really naughty things happen."

Peter smiled. "You've learned a good deal about life, haven't you, Ritzy?"

"Plenty," she said, and she ceased smiling abruptly.

It was later that same night, or rather early in the morning, that Ritzy and Parry sat down to a late "supper."

"Nice-looking fellow sitting talking to you this evening, Ritzy," he commented as he broke the hard crust of a roll in two and passed one half across the table to her. "English, isn't he?"

She nodded. "Yes. And he is pretty nice, too."

He glanced up quickly. "Boy-friend of yours?"

She shook her head and laughed.

"No, not a boy-friend of mine." She added: "Jealous, Parry?"

"No," he said and added quickly: "Oh heck, I guess I am at that. I guess it isn't too funny for me standing up on the platform waving a baton or blowing through a saxophone and watching you make eyes and dates with another fellow."

"But, Parry," she protested, "it's my job; at least making eyes at them is, and I don't make dates with any of them."

"Don't you, Ritzy?" He put down his fork and looked at her strangely. "Why don't you?"

She colored slightly. It was a direct question but she didn't want to give him a direct answer.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "Most of the men I meet around here bore me. I suppose some day when some smart chap with looks and a bank-roll comes along I'll fall for him all right."

He looked chagrined. It wasn't the answer he had been hoping for, or even expecting.

"So that's what you're after, is it?" he said shortly. "A good bank-roll, eh?"

"Not necessarily," she smiled. "I didn't think you were like that," he went on as though she hadn't spoken. "I thought you were different from most girls. I thought that the man would count with you more than wealth or position. I thought—well—" he hesitated, "I thought that we understood each other pretty well, Ritzy."

"Maybe we do, Parry." Her voice, which was usually rather strident, was now soft as a caress.

"Well," he jerked up his fair head, "do we or don't we understand each other, Ritzy?"

Her eyes fell before his. "What do you mean by understanding, Parry?"

He thought it over for a moment, tapping his long lean fingers on the table.

"I guess I mean we like each other, eh, Ritzy?" he said at last.

She laughed a little shakily.

"Maybe you're right, Parry."

"But I guess also," he went on, still without looking at her, "that we understand, too, that these things don't last. They never do. Not with people like you and me, Ritzy. I'll be drifting back to New York some day, but you'll probably be tired of me before that, anyhow. But we'll have fun out of it while it lasts if you're willing. You're a sensible girl. You don't want anything but fun, do you?"

She suddenly felt cold all through her.

"Sensible?" she asked slowly. "How do you know I'm sensible?

(Continued on Page 21)

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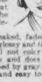


YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair now when it is so economical and easy to get rid of it in your own home.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Suggestions for Buffet Dishes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

BUFFET service is becoming extremely popular with the modern hostess. For that reason I am giving you this week, in addition to my buffet article and recipes of a week ago, a number of additional suggestions for this smart form of hospitality.

Cranberry Juice Cocktail: 4 cups cranberries, 4 cups water, ⅔ cup granulated sugar. Cook berries and water over low fire about 5 minutes until skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve. Bring juice to boiling point, add sugar, and boil 2 minutes. Serve very chill, or mix with ginger ale, etc.

Ham and Cider Jelly Loaf: 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin, ½ cup seedless raisins, 2 cups sweet cider, 2 whole cloves, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup boiled ham cut in small cubes or slices. Soak raisins in cider until plump. Add cloves and sugar, and bring to boiling-point. Add gelatin, and stir to dissolve. Remove cloves, and chill. When jelly begins to thicken, add diced ham. Mould in loaf pan and chill until firm. Unmold on platter, and serve in slices. (Serves 8).

Turkey Salad Jelly Supreme: 2 tablespoons gelatin, ½ cup cold water, 6 egg yolks, salt, pepper, 2 cups strained turkey gravy or stock, 1 cup cooked mushroom caps, chopped, 2 cups cooked turkey, diced, 2 cups whipping cream. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Beat egg yolks slightly, place in double-boiler, and add turkey gravy slowly. Cook over hot water until mixture begins to thicken, stirring constantly. Season. Add soaked gelatin to hot mixture and dissolve thoroughly. Add diced chicken and mushrooms. Remove, and chill. When mixture begins to set, fold in the whipped cream whipped to a soft custard consistency. Pack into large fancy round or Turk's cap mold rinsed with oil, and return to refrigerator to chill. Unmold on platter, garnish with tiny molds of spiced cranberry sauce and sweet pickles or pickled peaches. (Serves 12).

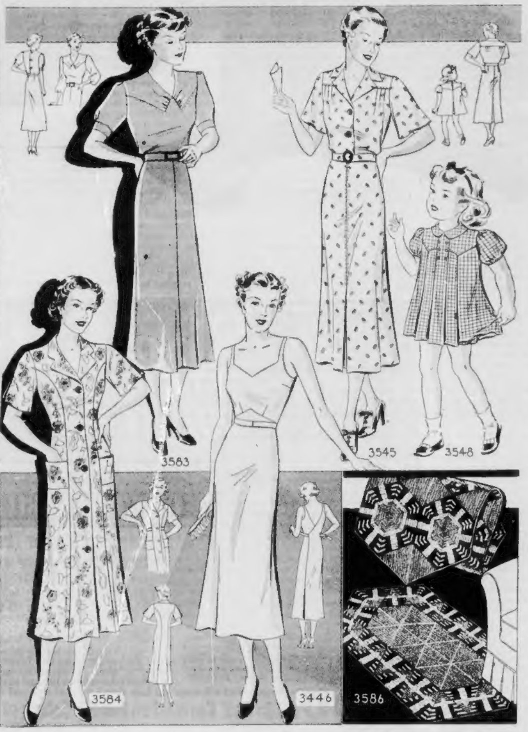
Modern Molasses Cookies: 1⅓ cups sweetened condensed milk, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup chopped raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 2½ cups graham cracker crumbs, ¼ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt. In a mixing-bowl thoroughly blend condensed milk, molasses, and all other ingredients. Drop by spoonfuls onto greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees, for 10 minutes, or until brown. Remove at once with spatula. Cool on wire cake-grid. (Makes 48 dollar-size cookies).

Creamed Oysters and Celery in Biscuit Cases: ⅔ cup chopped celery, 1½ cups water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon onion juice, 4 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, milk; 12 medium oysters; baking-powder dough. Use double-boiler and cook celery, water, salt, and onion juice together. Melt butter, blend in flour, and add to liquid, stirring to a smooth sauce with enough milk to make a rich velvety consistency. Just before serving, add oysters and their liquor, and cook only until edges of oysters curl. Have prepared hot buttered biscuit made in two rounds with a small hole cut out of top round. (Serves 6).

Cranberry Ice-Box Dessert: 4 cups cranberries, 1½ cups water, 4 egg yolks, 1½ cups sugar, 5 tablespoons flour, juice and rind ½ orange, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt; 2 egg whites or 1 cup whipping cream; split ladyfingers; pistachio or pecans, minced. Cook berries with water until skins pop open. Strain through fine sieve. In double-boiler mix beaten egg yolks with sugar, salt and flour, and cook to a smooth custard. Add strained berries with orange juice and rind. Continue cooking, stirring constantly until thick. Add butter and salt. Remove. Beat eggs or cream until a foamy, fluffy thickness and fold into mixture. Line bottom of a round spring-form cake pan with split cake, and stand split fingers upright around edge. Pour mixture into pan, return to refrigerator to chill overnight. Remove pan and sprinkle top with minced nuts. (Serves 8 to 10).

Tomato Cream Cheese Loaf: 3 cups tomato juice, 1 small onion, grated, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt, pepper; 2 tablespoons gelatin, ½ cup water, 1 cup chopped boiled ham, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard. Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes. Simmer tomato juice, onion, sugar, for 5 minutes, then add salt and pepper. Dissolve gelatin in hot tomato mixture, and cool. Chop ham, blend with mustard and salad dressing to moisten. Beat 1 cup cream cheese with 2 tablespoons sour cream and ½ teaspoon salt. Divide tomato mix into 3 parts. Pour 1 part into bottom of oiled loaf pan, and let harden. Spread with ham paste, and cover with second portion tomato; harden. Carefully spread with beaten cream cheese and remaining tomato, set in refrigerator to finish. Unmold on platter and serve in slices. (Serves 8).

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3583... CLEVER YOKES, CHOICE OF SLEEVE LENGTHS, AND BUTTONED-BACK SUM UP THE CHIC OF THIS CHARMING FROCK. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3545... SLIM LINES BECKON THE FASHION-CONSCIOUS MATRON IN THIS TRIM ALL-PURPOSE SHIRT-WAISTER. IDEAL IN COTTON. Designed for sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3548... THE "YOUNGEST IN THE FAMILY" MERITS ATTENTION IN HER CHEERY SCHOOL OR PLAY FROCK OF CRISP GINGHAM OR PERCALE. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3584... HERE'S GRACEFUL FLATTERY IN A DEMURE PRINCESS-LINE COAT FROCK THAT'S A COLORFUL ADDITION TO YOUR WARDROBE! Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3446...YOU'LL WEAR IT 'NEATH ALL YOUR SMART FROCKS—THIS SMOOTH-FITTING WRAP-SLIP! IDEAL IN WASHABLE SYNTHETIC. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 16 requires 2⅜ yards 39-inch fabric.

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AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT.,
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Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Fried Canned Tomatoes, Bacon, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Tomato Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Rolled Omelet, Toast, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Orange Juice, Cereal, Frizzled Dried Beef, Hashed Potatoes, Toast, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Grapefruit, Cereal, French Toast, Guava Jelly or Peach Jam, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Blackberry Juice, Cereal, Bacon, Toasted English Muffins, Jam, Coffee.	***Breakfast*** Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Tiny Sausages, Rice Pancakes, Coffee.
Luncheon Scalloped Baltimore Samp, Chicory Salad, Ginger Marshmallow Surprise, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Bean Chowder, Tuna Fish and Apple Salad, Hermits, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Stuffed Frankfurters, Noodles, French-Fried Cabbage, Banana Bran Muffins, Orange Pudding, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Cold or Hot Tomato Juice, Broiled or Panned Oysters, Cole Slaw, Ice-Box Graham Rolls, Steamed Fig or Prune Pudding with Sterling Sauce.	***Luncheon*** Carrots in Casserole, Buttered Wax or String Beans, Red Cabbage Salad, Cocoanut Custard, Tea.	***Luncheon*** Bananas and Cheese au Gratin, Shredded Raw Cauliflower Salad, Chives Dressing, Brownies, Tea.	***Dinner*** Celery Soup, Curried Beef in Casserole, Harvard Beets, Buttered Peas, Green Bouquet or Chicory Salad, Ice Cream "Jelly Roll," Half Cups Coffee.
Dinner Upside-Down Meat Loaf, Glazed Potatoes, Savory Beets, Health Salad (Shredded Green Vegetables), Lemon Bavarian.	***Dinner*** Corned Beef and Macaroni Casserole, Grated Carrot Salad, Green Tomato Pickles, Waffles with Ice Cream Sauce.	***Dinner*** Baked Stuffed Lamb (Pineapple and Bread-Crumbs), Browned Potatoes, Mint Jelly, Shredded Green Vegetable Salad, Ambrosia, Small Pieces White Fruit Cake.	***Dinner*** Swiss Steak with Brown Gravy, Buttered Spinach or Brocoli, Horseradish Sauce, Raisin, Apple and Carrot Salad, Tapioca Sponge.	***Dinner*** Grapefruit Cup, New Year's Canapes, Baked Salmon with Cream or Egg Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Green Peas with Celery, Relish, Upside-Down Pineapple Cake (Pineapple Spears).	***Dinner*** Emergency Soup, Browned Pork Chops, Gravy, Apples Cooked with Potatoes, Grated Raw Turnip Salad, Orange Meringue Surprise.	***Supper*** Hot Tomato Juice, Emergency Salad (Left-Overs), Hot Biscuits, Fruit Gelatin, Honey and Almond or Prune Cake.

Tasty Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Chocolate Cream Roll.

BEAT 5 egg yolks until light and lemon-colored. Mix and sift ½ cup sugar, ⅓ cup cocoa and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to egg yolks. Beat 5 egg whites until stiff. Fold into yoke mixture. Add ½ teaspoon vanilla and pour into a shallow pan lined with heavy wax-paper. Bake in a moderate oven, at 325 degrees, for about 25 minutes. Turn out on a damp towel and roll slightly. Cool, unroll, and spread with 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff and sweetened and flavored to taste. Roll and let stand a while before serving. The roll may be served with hot or cold fudge sauce or covered with fudge frosting and decorated with toasted blanched almonds.

Scalloped Big Hominy.

DRAIN 1 can of big hominy or Baltimore samp and place in buttered baking dish. Dot with butter, add ⅓ cup rich milk and season to taste with salt and black pepper. Cover top generously with bread-crumbs mixed with grated American or Parmesan cheese. Bake in a slow oven, or at about 275 degrees, about ½ hour.

Savory Chicory Salad.

WASH and chill crisp chicory. Rub inside of chilled salad bowl with cut garlic. Add 1 tablespoon finely-chopped onion or onion juice and 2 or 3 crumbled hard-cooked egg yolks. Add the chicory cut in coarse shreds. Dress at table with well-seasoned tarragon vinegar French dressing.

Cheese Ring Salad.

MIX ½ cup Roquefort cheese and 2 packages cream cheese and beat until creamy, adding ¼ cup milk, a few grains pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon onion juice and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add 1 tablespoon gelatin, soaked in ¼ cup cold water and dissolved over hot water. Fold in 1 cup cream, beaten until stiff. Turn into a ring-mold and chill until firm. Unmold on serving platter. Garnish with crisp lettuce. Fill the center with vegetable or fruit macedoine mixed with well-seasoned French or mayonnaise dressing.

Canned Tomatoes Fried.

TO 1 pint canned tomatoes add 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon sugar and 1 cup flour sifted with 1 teaspoon baking-powder. Drop spoonfuls about the size of an oyster in a hot frying-pan containing hot lard. Fry until well-browned on both sides. Serve immediately.

Broiled Beef Cakes with Mushroom Sauce.

PASS round steak through meat grinder two or three times. Form into round flat cakes. Broil quickly. Serve immediately on hot platter with the following sauce: Cook ½ minced Spanish onion with 2 or 3 slices bacon (diced) and 1 teaspoon butter until bacon is brown and onion soft and yellow. Add ½ pound sliced mushrooms and cook slowly until mushrooms are tender. Add 1 can thick tomato soup, a few grains pepper and salt to taste. Simmer gently while broiling the beef balls.

Challenge to Happiness

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

And just what do you mean by that?"

"Oh," he said, "just plain sensible. Though perhaps that wasn't the right word to use. I mean't you're a good scout. You wouldn't want to tie a fellow down to anything he didn't want to be tied down to."

She was still cold and her heart had become as a small block of ice inside her. It was the same old story, how often had she listened to it? Man's story to woman—at least, the woman he didn't want to marry.

Ritzy hankered for a home, security. Maybe in her secret heart she had thought and prayed that Parry would give her these things. Now that she knew he wouldn't, how did she feel towards him? She had an awful feeling that once her heart commenced beating again she would go on loving him as much as ever.

She pushed her plate aside.

"I must go home, Parry," she said. "I'm fagged out. I've had a lousy headache all evening and it's come on again. Don't bother to come with me."

He, too, rose to his feet. He put his hand on her arm.

"You're not mad at me, Ritzy? I haven't said anything disappointing or upsetting?"

She laughed a little wildly.

"No, of course not. Why should I be upset and disappointed with anything you said? And of course, we understand each other. Good pals, eh?"

He held her closer, so close that her face was brought up against his. They were both much the same height.

"But I want to be more to you than a good pal, Ritzy," he said hoarsely. "I'm crazy about you. I've been crazy about you since the first moment I saw you. Don't you care for me at all, Ritzy?"

"I'm too tired to think, Parry," she whispered. "Please let me go."

"What's the matter?" He bent and kissed her. "I know you care for me, so why worry? Trust me, Ritzy, I won't let you down."

She smiled faintly. "So long as you love me you won't, Parry, but then you'll forget."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Lose pounds AS MARION TALLEY DID

Marion Talley *(left)* as she appeared ten years ago when making her sensational debut in Metropolitan Opera.

Marion Talley *(right)* as she is today—movie and radio star—slender, glamorous, younger-looking than ever.

Costume by I. Magnin & Co., Hollywood

Are you too plump? Do you look in the mirror and wish you could get rid of those bulges? Do you try on the new snug-fitting dresses only to discover that they were designed for slimmer figures than yours? Then take a tip from this famous young woman.

Eat Ry-Krisp and reduce. "If you want to lose pounds," says lovely Marion Talley, "just eat sensibly, exercise regularly and use Ry-Krisp as bread at every meal. Thanks to Ry-Krisp, I now weigh 107 pounds and never felt better in my life."

Tastes delicious. Serve these brittle-crisp wafers with every food, every beverage. The whole family will go for their tantalizing whole-rye flavor. And you'll have the extra thrill of knowing that you're on the safe road to slender loveliness because Ry-Krisp is wholesome, nourishing, filling but not fattening.

Hear MARION TALLEY *Sing*
Every Sunday afternoon
NBC Red Network and other stations
5:00 o'clock E.S.T.

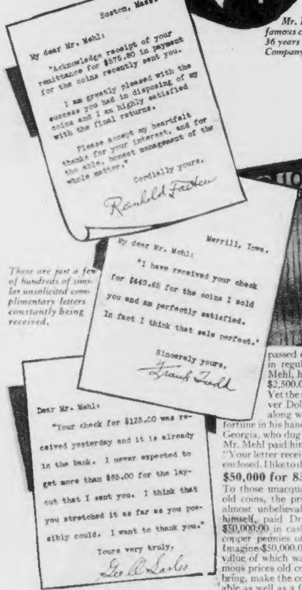
Pays Fortunes For Old Coins

B. MAX MEHL of Fort Worth Texas, Well-Known Authority and Country's Largest Dealer and Collector of Rare Money Tells How Countless Coins Worth Huge Sums Pass Unrecognized Through Public Hands and Offers to Pay HIGHEST CASH PRICES For Them - He has Shown Thousands How to Turn Old Coins Into New Riches - In One Year Almost 70,000 People Sent Shipments of Coins.

$200 for a PENNY
$2,500 for a DOLLAR
$10,000 for a TEN CENT STAMP

The MEHL Building - Headquarters and home of the Numismatic Company

Mr. B. Max Mehl, nationally famous coin man, founder and for 36 years head of the Numismatic Company of Fort Worth, Texas.



Boston, Mass.

My dear Mr. Mehl:

"Acknowledge receipt of your remittance for $575.80 in payment for the coins recently sent you.

I am greatly pleased with the success you had in disposing of my coins and I am highly satisfied with the final returns.

Please accept my heartfelt thanks for your interest, and for the able, honest management of the whole matter."

Cordially yours,

Reinhold Faeten

Merrill, Iowa.

My dear Mr. Mehl:

"I have received your check for $449.65 for the coins I sold you and am perfectly satisfied. In fact I think that sale perfect."

Sincerely yours,

Frank Todd

Dear Mr. Mehl:

"Your check for $125.00 was received yesterday and it is already in the bank. I never expected to get more than $85.00 for the lay-out that I sent you. I think that you stretched it as far as you possibly could. I want to thank you."

Yours very truly,

Geo A Lasler

These are just a few of hundreds of similar unsolicited complimentary letters constantly being received.

In a Philadelphia cigar store, a man received some small coins in change for a dollar. One of the coins later sold for $200.00.

Mr. J. E. Brownlee, a Georgia man, while excavating found an old coin. He received $1,000.00 from Mr. Mehl for this coin.

Mrs. Frank G. Adams of Georgia who sold tickets in a movie theatre took in a silver dollar that was minted in 1804. Now that silver dollar is listed up to $2,500.00.

By PAUL THORNE

LET'S go on a thrilling true story adventure to the land of coins where hidden fortunes really can be found. More glamorous than tales of hidden pirate treasure are the frequent discoveries of rare coins, worth huge sums, that turn up in the most unexpected places. Could anything be more exciting than to find an old coin worth a hundred, yes maybe even a thousand times, its face value? "This happens frequently," says B. Max Mehl, the Texas Money King, thru whose hands pour constant streams of rare coins, some of which are worth fortunes. There is truly romance in coins — romance in the happiness they bring to those fortunates who have received big sums for apparently innocent looking coins — romance in the stories of the coins themselves — but unfortunately, many a true story with a happy ending remains untold simply because daily, everywhere, old coins and bills worth many times their face value are given in change without knowledge of their worth. A coin that buys a loaf of bread for some poor family might have bought them food for months, clothes and many luxuries — if they had only known.

Many Recent Coins Are Valuable

An interesting sidelight of importance to the public in general is the fact that many comparatively recent coins are already rare and valuable. How many of us pass out nickels, dimes and half dollars for purchases without even looking at the dates — we all do it — and yet Mr. Mehl is paying up to $300 for "S" Mint 1894 dimes, $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickels, and certain 1922 Grant Commemorative Half Dollars bring up to $60.00 each. Why even a coin as recent as 1935, a certain Kentucky Commemorative Half Dollar, is worth up to $30.00; and there are hundreds and thousands of other coins issued in recent years that bring many times their face value. Collectors are anxious to get them so start watching your coins carefully. Do not let a valuable one slip through your fingers.

Silver Dollar Worth $2,500.00 Passed in Change

The Chicago newspapers were full of an actual happening where a restaurant cashier passed out an 1804 Silver Dollar in regular change. Mr. B. Max Mehl, himself, has paid as high as $2,500.00 for such a Silver Dollar. Yet the man who received this Silver Dollar undoubtedly passed it along without knowing he held a fortune in his hands. Mr. J. E. Brownlee of Georgia, who dug up an old coin for which Mr. Mehl paid him $1,000 writes as follows: "Your letter received with check for $1,000 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you."

$50,000 for 832 Copper Pennies

To those unacquainted with the value of old coins, the prices paid for them seem almost unbelievable. Mr. B. Max Mehl himself, paid Dr. French of New York $50,000.00 in cash for a collection of 832 copper pennies of United States coinage. Imagine $50,000.00 paid for coins, the face value of which was only $8.32. The enormous prices old coins, old bills and stamps bring, make the collection of them a profitable as well as a fascinating hobby.

The history of B. Max Mehl reads like a Horatio Alger story come true to life. In his boyhood days in Fort Worth, Texas, the lure of old coins attracted him. Like other boys in every farming community, small town, village and large city, the desire for collecting was keen. As he grew older his collection became larger and what was first a childish hobby developed into a turning point in his life. He found his collection had grown into a profitable business for him; coins that had cost him face value, or little more, were actually worth large sums. Thirty-six years as a collector has gained B. Max Mehl recognition as an authority on all United States coins. He has purchased thousands of rare coins, old bills and stamps. Over a million copies of his books and catalogs on coins have been distributed. Banks, Museums and Collectors refer to him and his books constantly as authority.

Offered $10,000 for $5 Gold Piece

The Magazine of Texas in an article about Mr. B. Max Mehl, quotes some interesting highlights of an interview with him. He told about the most valuable coin in existence in the United States, a Five Dollar Gold Piece of the year 1822; only three of them are known to exist and Mr. Mehl offered the owner of one of them $10,000.00 for it. There were 17,796 specimens of this coin minted; where did the other coins disappear. This is one of the mysteries of coinage. Who knows but — hidden away in old money boxes, safety-vaults or carried around in somebody's pocket as a good luck piece, are other specimens of this coin.

Old Paper Bills Are Valuable

Mr. J. T. Neville of North Dakota received $200.00 from Mr. Mehl for a Ten Dollar bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl has paid large sums of money for many old bills and has in his possession a number of $5.00 and $10.00 notes of the Kirtland, Ohio Safety Society Bank; the owner of these notes was about to throw them into a bonfire, but having seen Mr. Mehl's advertisement, sent them to him and it was discovered they bore the signature of Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon Church. They were, therefore, of considerable value.

Valuable Stamps Turn Up in Odd Places

Mr. Mehl says it would be wise for everyone to look through their old correspondence or any old letters they may find in trunks, old desks or out of the way places. Mrs. N. S. Lincoln of Washington found one stamp for which she got $10,000.00. Almost $40,000.00 was paid for another single stamp. While stamps of this value are not lying around in every home, yet many stamps for which Mr. Mehl would pay $10.00, $100.00, or even more, are in existence all over the country.

Coin Collecting Does Not Require Riches

Some very interesting collections are possessed by people in very modest circumstances. Coin collecting has spread all over the world from the smallest to the largest country in Europe, the Asiatic countries, even Africa, New Zealand and other far away places. Often Mr. Mehl appraises American coins for foreign collectors as his reputation is international. Some time ago a man in Germany shipped a collection of coins to the Governor of New York and asked his assistance in disposing of them. The Curator of the Institute of Art at Albany, much to the surprise of the Secretary to the Governor, did not mention a dealer in the East as best fitted to handle this collection, but supplied the address of B. Max Mehl, Fort Worth, Texas.

Amazing Number of Rare Coins in Circulation

Letters are received by Mr. Mehl in enormous quantities. At this time of the year as many as 18,000 pieces of mail (many pieces containing rare coins) are received daily by him and his Numismatic Company of Fort Worth, Texas. During the course of just one year 70,000 actual shipments of coins amounting all the way from one to hundreds of pieces were sent to Mr. Mehl for him to purchase. From his office during the course of a year as much as three million pieces of mail are sent out.

Hard Times Make Coin Collectors

Financial disasters and depressions may wipe out fortunes invested in various other ways, but coins remain untouched. Coins that are valuable today should become more valuable as the years go on. Mr. Mehl states that there are more and more coin collectors and that the demand for pieces for collections is steadily increasing. He has no difficulty at all in disposing of rare pieces he obtains. His greatest difficulty is in finding enough rare coins.

People Stumble on Valuable Coins

Mr. Mehl tells of some of the highlights of his experiences with rare coins. Mrs. Frank G. Adams who sold tickets in a movie theatre in Georgia, received a Silver Dollar to pay for the ticket. She noted this Silver Dollar was minted in 1804. Now that Silver Dollar is listed up to $2,500.00. To show this may happen again, Joseph Mickley of Philadelphia was also handed a Silver Dollar minted in 1804 by a bank cashier. A Philadelphia man received change for his dollar in a local tobacco store and one of the small coins received was later sold for $200.00.

One Half Dollar Brings $800.00

A ticket seller on the Brooklyn Bridge took in a half dollar for which he later received $800.00. Mr. Mehl paid Mrs. Dorothy Prindle of California, $100.00 for an 1870 Dollar with the Mint letter "S." He offers to pay $100.00 for a Dime minted in 1894 with the Mint letter "S" but will only pay $3.00 for a Dime of 1796. This shows that it is not the age, but the rarity that makes the coins valuable. Jas. House, Mobile, Ala., received $50.00 for a 1913 Liberty Head Nickel.

Old Coins Turn Up Everywhere

Mr. Mehl paid a Florida man $750.00 for an old coin he obtained from an Indian. Mrs. Harvey, wife of a Fulton, Mo., farmer, was paid $140.00 for three small coins she obtained as part payment of some produce.

An old penny was sold by C. W. Lewis, Burlington, N. J., for $800.00. Mrs. S. Dowty of Texas, received $400 from Mr. Mehl for an old Fifty Cent piece. $75.00 was paid for one Half Dollar to Mr. W. L. Caldwell of Memphis, Tenn.

How Old Coins Are Found

One doesn't have to be a coin collector to know the value of old coins and make money on them. According to Mr. Mehl the people who send him coins for which he pays large sums, are in most cases people who, thru the aid of simple coin information supplied by him, are able to know a valuable piece when they see it. The flood of coins he receives daily, in many cases, are sent by people who watch carefully the coins that pass thru their hands. Other coins sent in have been lying around in strong boxes and vaults because their owners did not know the value of the coins until they learned from Mr. Mehl. Everyone should be posted on coin values, because you never can tell when a rare coin worth a lot of money may be handed you. Mr. Mehl himself, has paid out a huge fortune for old coins, bills and stamps sent by people who were foresighted enough to post themselves. Anyone who wishes to obtain profitable information that would tell them the values of old money and stamps, may obtain from Mr. Mehl an Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder which contains a partial list of valuable coins. Just use the coupon of Mr. Mehl's advertisement on this page and one of these Folders will be yours.

Mrs. Dowty of Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for $400.

She Got $400.00 for a Half Dollar

I will pay CASH for OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS

Amazing Profits For Those Who Know Old Money!

I PAID $200.00 to J. D. Martin of Virginia for Just ONE COPPER CENT

Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, of N. Y., $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mr. G. F. Adams, of Ohio, received $740 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pa., $13,500 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of N. Dak., $200 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. I paid $1,000 to Mr. Brownlee, of Ga., for one old coin. Watch your change.

ALL KINDS OF OLD COINS, MEDALS, BILLS AND STAMPS WANTED!

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo); $100 for 1894 dimes, "S" Mint; $8.00 for 1853 quarters, no arrows; $10.00 for 1866 quarters, no motto; $200 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc. There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that I want at once and for which I will pay big cash premiums.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of OLD COINS and STAMPS

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

OLD STAMPS WANTED

I buy and pay big cash prices for all RARE stamps, especially those on envelopes or covers. Look through your old correspondence and send me by registered mail what you find. Will gladly make offer. I make no charge for appraisal or offer. Small fortunes have been paid for old stamps. An old 10c stamp found in a basket sold for $10,000. Be sure and leave stamp ON ENTIRE ENVELOPE. DO NOT TEAR THE STAMP OFF. IT IS WORTH MORE ON THE ENVELOPE.

LARGEST RARE COIN CO. IN THE U. S. A.
ESTABLISHED 36 YEARS
References any bank in Fort Worth, Texas or Dun & Bradstreets.

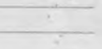
Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder! IT WILL OPEN YOUR EYES! ●●●

USE THE COUPON BELOW!

Send the coupon below and 4c for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. Write today for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose — everything to gain. It may mean much profit to you.

B. MAX MEHL Director
Numismatic Co. of Texas
575 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS

FILL OUT and MAIL NOW —and GET Large Coin Folder!



B. MAX MEHL, 575 Mehl Bldg., FORT WORTH, TEXAS

DEAR MR. MEHL: — Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS___________________________

CITY___________________ STATE__________